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ABSTRACT

Excerpts from the various writings of W.E.B. DuBois are used to illustrate his thoughts on the plight of black women. Such topics as sex, education and voting rights are discussed. (RLV)

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DuBois and Women
A Short Story of Black Women 1910-1934

IRENE DIGGS[1]

DuBois was convinced that "To the ordinary American or Englishman, . . . the race question is at bottom simply a matter of the ownership of women; white men want the right to own and use all women, colored and white, and they resent any intrusion of colored men into this domain" [1].

One of the revealing features of slavery in the United States, one that historians seldom record, is that often the attractive slave woman was a prostitute to her master, their children bore the stamp of his countenance, but according to the inflexible rule and custom, they shared the condition of the mother and were sold by their own father [2]. A sister of President Madison declared that though the Southern ladies were complimented with the name of the wife, they were only the mistresses of the Seraglio. A leading Southern lady declared to Harriet Martineau that the wife of many Planters was but the chief slave of the harem [3].

The Octoroon Balls in the Creole quarter of New Orleans used the sons and daughters of slave women and slave masters. Black slaves were permitted to light the way through dark streets by hand lanterns but "could go no further then the door" on pain of death. "Colored" men were admitted only in the then menial capacity of musician-fiddler [4].

The prohibition of intermarriage between blacks and whites, the widespread and publicly condoned prostitution and concubinage of the South made black women practically helpless [5]. In 1915 when twelve houses of prostitution, containing fifty "colored women and run for the benefit of white men" were closed, DuBois quipped: "No wonder that the Iowa bill against intermarriage is called by the Des Moines, Iowa, Evening *Tribune* 'a bill to legalize white debauchery' " [6].

Black men were arrested when they attempted to protect black women, even on a public street car, from familiarity of white men [7]. A black man who discovered a white man criminally intimate with his wife killed him and was sentenced to be hanged. He said on the scaffold:

> I went to a judge and to an officer of the law and told them about it. The first question they asked me, was, "Is he a white man?" I said that he was and an officer of the law told me that the best thing I could do was to go away from here. He ruined my

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> home and made it unsafe for me to go there and when I went, as a law-abiding citizen, to ask that something be done about it they asked first of all, "Is he a white man?"
>
> Any man would have done what I did. Mr. Walker was my friend for years, but he tried to kill me when I wouldn't give him that shotgun [8].

Two white men in Kentucky met a black woman who had attended a dance with a black man. After charging her with infidelity and going with black men, they shot and killed her instantly. A similar story comes from Cincinnati where a white man killed a black woman because she wanted to return to her black associates [9]. A black Methodist minister was intimidated into desiring a change "of appointment because he preached against illicit relations between white men and colored women. A dare-devil of a white man placed his hand upon the shoulder of this man of God and threatened him with death if he dared open his mouth on that subject again" [10]. Many unsolved "murders may have been due to relationships between white men and black women. In Atlanta, for example, in two years seventeen black women were murdered without a single arrest being made" [11].

Black women have been criminally assaulted in their own homes and the homes of whites [12]. Throughout the world for all women there is no greater source of prostitution than domestic service. To avoid much of this black women have chosen "irregular and temporary sexual relations with men they like rather than sell themselves to strangers" [13]. Black girls have not been exempted [14]. On occasion, white men dared to marry "colored" women and swore they were "colored"

> "She's my wife. We have lived together thirty-eight years. The law cannot estrange us." Thus spoke Joseph Lawrence, a white farmer, in the second criminal court at New Orleans, La., recently, while he was awaiting trial on the charge of marrying a colored woman. Through the arrest of Lawrence and his colored wife the police discovered a hard situation. All around Lee Station the white farmers and fishermen and other classes have intermarried with colored people and reared large families regardless of the law against such. A number of arrests have been made, but it has been impossible to convict one for the reason that the white parties all went on the stand and swore they were colored. Just what the prosecuting attorney can do remains to be seen [15].

When they did not marry them, they sometimes left them money. Betty Hicks, a black woman of Lucy, Tennessee, who worked on the farm of H. H. Jennings and bore him eight children, was declared his rightful heir by jury to $80,000. His relations produced another will which was shown to be forged, so a Tennessee jury declared Betty Hicks insane in order to appoint a white guardian. Then the white lawyer who drew up the will refused to testify to his signature until paid a thousand dollars. Only after two weeks in jail did he change his mind. Two years later the validity of the will was upheld by the Tennessee courts and Betty Hicks inherited the estate of the white father of her children worth $100,000 [16]. When George Gains left the bulk of his estate amounting to over $50,000 to "Rose Henshaw and our two children," his wife sued her "for alienating her husband's affections" [17].

Expressing the resentment of black men, DuBois published "Divine Right" in the *Crisis*

> Everybody knows that for three hundred years the most jealously guarded right of white men in this land and others has been the right to seduce black women without

legal, social or moral penalty. Many white mothers and daughters of the best families have helped to maintain this ancient and honored custom by loading the victims of their fathers' and husbands' lust with every epithet of insult and degradation. Thus has the sweet cleanness of their own race virtue shone holier and higher.

Yet what do we see to-day? The black husbands and brothers are beginning to revolt. In three separate cases, in three consecutive months and in three localities of the southern South have these blind and ignorant fellows actually killed white men who were demanding these ancient rights, and have compelled the chivalry of the land to rise and lynch the black defenders of defenceless virtue; also two strangely illogical black women have been simultaneously killed and a dark and whimpering little girl burned to a quivering crisp.

What does all this mean? Does it portend an unthinkable time when the white man can only get his rights by lynching impudent black husbands and squeamish sweethearts? If so, then, by the Great Jehovah, we can depend on the best friends of the Negro to vindicate the ancient liberties of this land! Anglo-Saxon freedom seems safe at least in the hands of most leaders of Southern society, not to mention the blue blood of Pennsylvania.

Meantime, dear colored brethren, we confess to the error of our ways. We have steadfastly opposed lynching on all occasions, but the South is converting us. We acknowledge our fault. Hereafter we humbly pray that every man, black or white, who is anxious to defend women, will be willing to be lynched for his faith. Let black men especially kill lecherous white invaders of their homes and then take their lynching gladly like men.

It's worth it [18]!

The *Crisis* published the outcries of both white men and women:

We white men must start a crusade against the white vultures who prey on colored girls. Immorality with colored women is not nearly so prevalent as it was before the war. In fact, comparatively speaking, it is a thing of the past, but any man who knows the facts knows full well that for every white woman assaulted by a Negro man, there are a number of colored girls who are seduced by white men. If there were fifty white women assaulted by Negroes in 1916, I have not a doubt there were many times that many colored girls seduced by low-down white men. It is not a truthful answer to say that all colored girls are open to approach. That is a lie far blacker than the face of any Negro in the land. That there are thousands of modest and self-respecting Negro girls every decent southern man who knows the race must acknowledge. We of the white race must brand every white man who seduces a colored girl as a fiend of the same stripe as the Negro who rapes a white woman. . . .

Lincoln freed the South financially and physically because of the dependence of the indolent white race upon the slaves, to the extent that there were absolutely none of the younger generation with energy and ambition.

He freed her socially because of the ever-increasing number of half-breeds—a fact which even today makes every southern woman blush with shame when some brutish white man pretends that he helps to lynch a Negro in defense of his home and of southern women. God be merciful to hypocrites! I would hate to feel that such beasts are my defense! The mental and moral freedom is included in the above, and social and physical degradation can but ruin mentally and morally. I never pass a half-breed but my face burns with shame that I am a southern woman, and I heartily thank God for Lincoln.

I am a southern-born woman—a Georgia woman, a Bibb county woman and the daughter of a Confederate soldier who still bears a scar of a wounded right arm. God works all things after the counsel of His own will [19].

Some lynching were due to the relationships between white men and black women

It seems that a young colored man, twenty-one years of age, was engaged in conversation with a colored woman. This woman was the sweetheart of a white man who

shot and killed the colored man. A local colored undertaker before removing the body ordered an investigation which brought into the courts the defendant. The courts rendered a verdict of self-defense. Enraged at the activity of the undertaker, a band of "Regulators" made a night attack upon his establishment, cutting the wires, etc. Failing to find him, they attacked the home of the slain man's mother, brutally thrashing her and also a brother who was ill. The undertaker, acting upon a "bit of news" in a local white paper to the effect that such had been done to some "niggers," who had insulted "white gentlemen" and adding that the same fate awaited another interested "nigger," immediately left town. All of the colored persons concerned were law-abiding and prosperous citizens of Thomasville, Georgia.

The real story of the lynching of a woman in Georgia . . . :

Sam Conley, a densely illiterate boy of seventeen years, lived with his sixty-year-old mother and wife on the plantation of one Gengia Melvin, white, three miles from Leary, Calhoun County, Georgia, said county being in the southwestern part of the state. Last fall this boy got into trouble about a colored girl, Mr. Melvin paying his seventy-five dollar fine. The boy, his mother, and wife contracted to cultivate on shares a forty-acre farm of Mr. Melvin's, thirty acres in cotton and the balance in corn and potatoes. Mr. Melvin was to divide the crop, first taking out the seventy-five dollars due him.

Sam Conley, his mother, and wife lived in a two-room house on the premises cultivated, about a quarter of a mile from Mr. Melvin's house. Along about the middle of September (the boy could not even name the month in which the offense was committed) he had ginned six bales of cotton which were turned over to Mr. Melvin and he had about two more in the field. On the Sunday before the homicide on Monday, Mr. Melvin told him to come the next day to work for him by the month, for ten dollars per month. The boy told him that he, Mr. Melvin, would have to see his mother.

The next day, Monday, Sam Conley's mother went to Mr. Melvin's lot to help his cook, a colored woman, Fannie Glover, milk his seven cows. Sam Conley passed by the lot on his way to the cotton field and was stopped by Mr. Melvin, who began to curse at him for not coming to work for him that morning, picking up a large oak stick and while in the attitude of striking him the latter's mother begged him not to strike her boy, saying that he had neither said nor done anything to him; that she was not well and that she and her daughter-in-law could not gather the crop without her son. Thereupon, Mr. Melvin left the boy and advanced upon his mother, striking her first back of the neck, causing blood to flow freely, then on her wrist, then kicked her three times in her abdomen and after she had fallen to the ground, he struck her again with the stick, breaking the stick. Looking about he got another oak stick and was about to strike her again, Sam Conley and Mr. Melvin's cook all the while begging him not to strike her any more, because she was already ill.

When Mr. Melvin was in the attitude of striking the prostrate woman again her son looked around and picking up a peat (an instrument used in weighing cotton), struck him with it (Conley does not remember what part of his body he struck), knocking him down. Then picking up his mother, he carried her to their home, a quarter of a mile away. He left home, hiding in the woods until near night, and reached a small place, Pretoria, Dougherty County, fifteen miles from Leary. He was arrested at Pretoria at night, and taken to Albany where he remained in jail until the next afternoon when he was taken by automobile to Americus from which place he was brought to Macon jail on the midnight train. While on the way from Albany to Americus the sheriff informed him of the lynching of his mother, assuring him that he, the sheriff, was taking him where he would be safe.

By correspondence with people living in that section we learn that the boy's mother and wife were arrested that same day and placed in the little guardhouse at Leary, from which his mother was taken that night, carried a little distance from the town and her body riddled with bullets, her eyes being punched out. Her body was placed on the public highway, where it remained several hours. Colored people living in that neighborhood were, upon pain of being killed, compelled to inter her remains.

The boy did not know that he had killed the man until told so by the sheriff. He says

he did not intend to kill him, but merely intended to keep him from hitting his mother again, who he thought was already dead.

The white man was about fifty years old, having several grown children, none of whom lived with him. He was separated from his wife because he practically lived with his Negro cook, Fannie Glover, whose house was in his yard [20].

While it must be conceded that males of all colors "constitute an irritating element in a world trying hard to be monogamous," that it may be the problem of sex rather than of color is indicated by this article in the *Medical Review of Reviews*:

The other day a Southern city was investigated. This Baltimore Vice Commission should be of special interest to us, for among its personnel were medical men from Johns Hopkins University: Howell, the professor of physiology; Finney, clinical professor of surgery; and George Walker, associate in surgery–the director of the investigation and writer of the report. This Red-light Report tells of well-to-do and prominent men, with wives and families, systematically pursuing and preying upon the females in their offices, using every possible means, fair and far from fair, to induce these young girls to enter into immoral relations with them; it tells of many unprotected women who resist temptation at first, only to succumb at the end to the persistent wiles of men who are their social and intellectual superiors; it tells of a host of employers who admit they will not employ girls who are too moral; it tells a tale of lust and sexual deceit and whoredom among the most reputable Baltimoreans–it lifts the cover from a never-ceasing cauldron of sensuality and seduction. Baltimore is a city taken in adultery. Yet there is no reason to suppose that Babylon-Baltimore is worse than other places–the twelve hundred pages of this Report are a transcript of the white man's sexual life anywhere: a record which should prevent him from criticising other races.

Before the Emancipation Proclamation, the Southern gentleman came into intimate contact with the Negroes. As a baby he nursed at the bosom of the "black mammy," and when he grew up, he had intercourse with these women. It mattered not whether she was of tender years or already a wife and mother; wherever he met one of his bondwomen, in the fields or in a cabin, if he wanted her, she was forced to submit. The sexual crimes of the black race against the white, are as nothing when compared to the sexual crimes of the white race against the black; Negroes have raped white women retail, but the white man has raped the colored woman wholesale. . . .

Let him i.e., [the Negro] remember with a flush of pride that wherever the spirit of fraternity has let down the bars of prejudice, his race has stepped in and taken its place with those who march onward and forward. But we regret to say that the American medical man has done nothing to destroy the barriers of bias. The profession has not yet learned the noble words of the Fugitive Poet:

There are no creeds to be outlawed, no
colors of skin debarred;
Mankind is one in its rights and wrongs,
one faith, one hope and one guard.

There is a shameful chapter in the history of American medicine, and it is headed: The Negro [21].

Women and children as well as men were lynched. Men in public office, including Presidents of the United States, expressed their horror, detestation and belief that the State would bring the guilty parties to justice but nothing happened.

The white press gave only a few lines to the lynching of a Negro woman and her son in Oklahoma. The *Crisis* reprinted the story carried by the Negro press:

There will be no official investigation into the lynching of Laura Nelson, colored, and

her sixteen-year-old son, who were taken from the jail here, dragged six miles to the Canadian River and hanged from a bridge. The woman was the first lynched in the State. She was raped before she was hanged.

The woman and her son were under arrest on a charge of murdering Deputy Sheriff George H. Loney, who had discovered stolen goods in their home.

The Muskogee Scimitar says of this crime: "On May 26 an article appeared in the Morning Phoenix, stating that Mrs. Laura Nelson, a colored woman, and her son, a boy fourteen years old, had been taken from the county jail at Okemah, the county seat of Okfuskee County, and mobbed by Negroes. All of which was true, except charging the crime to Negroes, which was a lie. The murderers evidently started this to hide their dastardly deed. The sheriff, the jailer and every official in the county know that not a single Negro was in the mob, and they know further that white men composed the mob, and the officers who were too cowardly to protect their helpless prisoners should be separated from the office and the places given MEN who have some regard for their oath of office.

"Just think of it. A woman taken from her suckling babe, and a boy—a child only fourteen years old—dragged through the streets by a howling mob of fiendish devils, the most unnameable crime committed on the helpless woman and then she and her son executed by hanging. This happened in a Christian community and where the machinery of the law was all in the hands of white men, there being no chance for escape. If the prisoners were guilty then why mob them, except to satisfy an irresistible greed and appetite for rapine and blood? The Okfuskee mob composed of white men committed the most damnable and hellish crime known in annals of crime, not excepting the burning at the stake of a number of Indians some years ago near this same place, and placed a blot on the fair name of Oklahoma that even time cannot erase" [22].

Later the *Crisis* reported that

Nearly three months have passed since a colored woman at Okemeah, Okla., was raped by white men, and she and her fourteen-year-old son lynched. No effort has been made to punish the lynchers [23].

Other lynchings of women are described by DuBois:

We find that "Anne Bostwick came to her death at the hands of parties unknown," was the verdict rendered by the coroner's jury that investigated the lynching of the colored woman who killed her mistress, the wife of a wealthy planter named Jordan, at Pinehurst, Ga., June 24.

The usual verdict by the same old type of jury, but in this case the sex and well-known mental condition of the victim have eliminated the customary excuse which is generally dilated upon with sensational detail and frequently without a vestige of evidence as justification for mob violence. With that progressive form of local government which constitutes every man his own sheriff, there seems to be no doubt that the colored woman is to have equal rights, privileges and protection with the colored man. There is to be no discrimination on grounds of sex. Pinehurst has advanced ideas.

That the unusual features of the lynching were thoroughly appreciated by the community may be inferred from the following extract from the Cincinnati (O.) *Enquirer* of June 26:

Great crowds attended and saw the shot-riddled body of the Negress cut from the tree. Sheriff Bennett has made no arrests and none is expected. The truth is that there is general rejoicing over the lynching of the Negress and the lynchers are known to everybody. The Negress was lynched from an auto. The machine in which she was sitting was driven under a tree, a rope placed about her neck and the other end tied to a limo of the tree. The machine was started at high speed and the Negress left hanging. Her body was then shot to pieces. Her eyes were shot out and such a fusillade directed at her waist that she was cut in two.

Commenting upon the verdict of the coronor's jury the same paper says: "The verdict was rendered in the face of the fact that the automobiles in which the lynching

party pursued the slayer and the sheriff are known to be owned by some of the most prominent citizens of Cordele, Vienna and Pinehurst."

The circumstances of the murder of Mrs. Jordan, so far as we have been able to ascertain them, were as follows:

Anne Bostwick, who was about 60 years old, had been employed by the Jordans for some years, and bore the reputation of being a good servant, though at times she showed a bad disposition. "Her father, Thomas McAfee," to quote the Macon *Telegraph*, "is considered one of the very best representatives of his race. He is honest, a successful farmer, and of the large family he has raised none has ever been convicted of crime." The morning of the murder the colored woman had been severely reprimanded by Mrs. Jordan and dismissed from her service. Possibly anticipating trouble, Mrs. Jordan kept her door locked until late afternoon. About 4:30, as she stepped out on the veranda, she was seized by the Bostwick woman, who was concealed behind a pillar, stabbed three times and her head nearly severed from her body. The colored woman then went to a field where Mr. Jordan was at work and informed him of her horrible deed.

Surely a crime sufficiently ghastly to arouse any community, but a crime for which the community itself was wholly responsible, as is testified by representative people who knew the woman and by extracts like the following, taken from a Southern paper, the Macon *Telegraph* of June 30, 1912:

"While living here (Fort Valley), the lynched Negress was tried by a jury and found a fit subject for the lunatic asylum, but owing to the crowded condition of that institution she could not be received. In her rational moments she was a good reliable servant but became violent at times" [24].

Here are two versions of another lynching:

The first dispatch said that two colored men and a woman were burned to death by a mob of white land tenants who object to the occupancy of land by Negroes, near Savannah, Tennessee. The three Negroes were traveling to a gin with a load of seed cotton. They were waylaid and tied to the wagonload of cotton, it is said, and the mob, after building a fire beneath the wagon, stood guard until the Negroes were cremated.

The next dispatch said that the victims were Ben Pettigrew and his two young daughters. That Pettigrew was an honest and trustworthy man, and was driving a load of cotton from his farm to Savannah. On the road a few miles from his place four white men appeared and shot him to death as he sat in the seat of his wagon. Then they dragged his two daughters from the top of the load and hanged them to a nearby tree. While their bodies dangled from a limb the slayers drove the load of cotton under them and set fire to it [25].

At Marshall, Texas, a black man and a black woman were lynched because of alleged complicity in the killing of a white man by another black [26].

The chivalry of southern white manhood toward colored women has been particularly conspicuous this season. Two men raped a colored girl in Oklahoma. One was killed by her brother and their friends thereupon lynched the girl! A Mississippi mob killed a wife along with her husband, leaving a four-year-old child motherless, while in another case a colored woman who had the impudence to refuse to allow her home to be searched was summarily dealt with [27].

In another editorial the *Crisis* continues:

At Monticello, Georgia, a mob of 100 masked men, took from the jail four Negroes, a father, his two married daughters and a son, accused of clubbing a policeman in making an arrest, hanged them to a tree and riddled their bodies with bullets. Could anything more clearly set forth the inherent right of the white man to govern or the moral superiority of the Caucasian over the African? So long as such shocking evidences of brutal depravity are more or less common in the southern section of this country, the rest of the world may well look upon the United States as a semi-civilized land [28].

At Wagoner, Oklahoma a young 17-year-old girl was lynched after being criminally assaulted by two white men who came into the house in her mother's absence [29].

> The New York *Sun* said of the most recent diversion in Oklahoma, when the chivalry of the white South lynched a woman:
>
> "She made no disturbance. She died quietly. Quietly the executioners dispersed." The whole affair "went off" with a tranquil propriety that must be a source of pride to the posse of hangmen, the town, the county, the State—a State which rejoices in all the most modern constitutional improvements.
>
> "No warrants have been issued," says a dispatch; "and public sentiment is with the mob." It seems that the sentences of certain Negroes of the county convicted of murder were commuted by the governor. Therefore public opinion approves the murder of this Negress. She is punished illegally because some men of her color have not been punished to the extent of the law.
>
> A noble, pure Caucasian sentiment is strong in Oklahoma. This execution by mob initiative and referendum should be a warning to the blacks.
>
> *Life* is afraid that if it is true that lynchings have decreased, it is a bad sign and asks: "Can it be possible that we are growing sentimental" [30]?

Long before the nineteen-fifties, an unnamed black woman street car rider in Oklahoma City refused to move:

> She got on the street car at Fourth and Broadway, the East 4th Street line, on which black folk have had so much trouble. She looked tired, this little black woman, whose face plainly showed that she had done many a hard day's labor, and who had quite evidently been laboring hard that day. She stood in the door of the coach and when she saw clearly that the small space, designated by the Jim-Crow sign, had reserved for her no place to sit, she went directly past the sign and sat in the next seat beyond. The conductor hurriedly approached. "Get up," he said. "Don't you know you are beyond the sign?" "You can move your sign, for I do not intend to get up," said the lady. "You get up," said the ignorant standard bearer of prejudice, "or I will call an officer." He stopped the car and went across to a residence, where he found a phone. In a few moments, the strong arm of the law was marching into the car. An anxious colored woman leaned over and whispered to the little black woman who had dared to CROSS THE LINE, "Get up and come back." But the disturber of white peace sat silent and still. The policeman strode forward; he looked at the little black woman and he looked at the almost two-thirds of the car that had been reserved for whites and still had no one in it. He turned and looked at the conductor, and sternly said, "Move your sign and start this car." The little black woman, who had up to that moment been a little bundle of nerve, almost fainted in her seat. She had no wild dreams of justice, and she could hardly believe that a white policeman had actually walked into that coach and sustained her in her weak attempt to have what was her just due. Well, it all ended in the car starting, but the wilful one rode into the terminal beyond the sign, for the conductor refused himself to obey the arm of the law he himself had called. He was the one who ended breaking the law. AND IT WAS HE WHO STARTED OUT BREAKING THE LAW. THE LAW OF FAIR PLAY, OF THE SQUARE DEAL AND JUSTICE [31].

Ideas of reparations were presented in 1911 by Mrs. Isabelle Worrell Ball in an address, in presenting a play to a colored social settlement in Washington when she calculated "If the United States government were to pay ten cents a day to the descendants of the slaves, who tilled the soil in the South during the eighty-seven years that slavery existed in this country, it would be indebted to them more than $11,000,000,000" [32].

Black women with success sometimes but more often failure, fought back with every weapon at their disposal including cursing [33]:

> Some sort of a street quarrel occurred recently in Atlanta in which a white man and a colored woman were the principals. J. E. McJenkins, the man in the case, who had apparently gone to collect a bill, took offense at the Atlanta *Journal's* account of the disturbance and wrote a letter to the editor about it. "I approached the woman," he says, "and asked for what was due my company. She was very insulting from the beginning, and finally cursed me, using words not fit for publication. I did just as I believe any other white man would have done, resented the insult by striking her with the first thing I got my hands on" [33].

A young colored woman of Philadelphia, went into a moving-picture theatre and refused to sit in the rear where the usher ordered her. He attempted to force her into a rear seat, although there were vacant seats in front and the prices were all the same, and when she resisted she was arrested. The next morning she was dismissed by the magistrate who ruled that managers had no right to say where patrons would sit in unreserved sections [34].

For disorderly conduct on the street, Lizzie Shelton was fined five dollars by Justice Crutchfield. For being "sassy" to the official the woman was sentenced to one year in jail. Queer kind of justice that, and manifestly unfair. Respect for a court is obligatory, but by no stretch of fancy is it conceivable that a justice of the peace has the legal—certainly not the moral—right to imprison an ignorant woman for twelve months because she was impudent in the court room [35].

Miss Celia Thomas, who shot a young white man who invaded her home was convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment at Marietta, Ga. [36].

Miss Mary Brooks, was shopping with her mother in Nashville, when some dispute concerning change arose. The floor walker settled the matter and then ordered them out. When they did not move fast enough he assaulted them, knocking both of them down and beating the mother while a clerk held Miss Brooks [37]. Mrs. Ethel Clark, being unfamiliar with the transfer system of St. Louis, asked for a transfer upon the wrong line. The conductor swore and refused her the transfer. When she protested against his language and manner and took his number he threw her from the car. He was arrested [38].

Mrs. Lee Terrell . . . of Beaumont, Texas, was riding alone in a "Jim Crow" car, when the trainman put about thirty drunken white men in the car. Mrs. Terrell complained to the conductor of their insults and was ushered by him into the baggage car, where she was compelled to remain until the end of her trip or else suffer the insults of the party of drunken men [39].

Mrs. Rebecca Simms went to jail rather than pay a $4.40 fine imposed because she refused to send her two daughters to a Jim Crow school. DuBois wrote "All honor to Mrs. Simms" [40].

Black women fought against their daughters working in houses of prostitution placed in black communities. Employment agencies did not hesitate to send black girls as servants to houses of prostitution since they claimed the law prohibited sending white girls [41].

Black women fought for provisions for delinquent black girls and humane treatment of black women in jails and penitentiaries. In Missouri three-fourths of the women in the penitentiary were young black girls because there was no other place to send black delinquent girls [42]. Even in jail the white occupants of a cell set fire to a mattress and nearly suffocated themselves with the smoke in protest against the placement of a black woman in the city jail of Topeka, Kansas [43].

Blacks were given more severe punishment than white, and black women were not exempted:

> As many as forty-seven lashes have been administered to men and twenty-five to Negro women. (White women are not whipped). Women and men are stripped naked to the waist, men are sometimes entirely naked. The women have their arms placed in stocks while being whipped. Men whipped in the death house are laid face down on the table used to lay out dead bodies after electrocution, they are held in place by guards or trusties who hold their wrists and ankles, and by a stick placed across the neck, the ends of which are held down by the assistants. Men whipped in the basement of the hospital building have their wrists handcuffed and secured above their heads to a ring in the wall. The whipping strap used for the women is a duplicate of that used for the men–a piece of smooth, pliable harness leather about a quarter of an inch thick, two inches wide and twenty inches long secured to a round wooden handle ten inches long . . . We heard evidence that men have lost consciousness under the lash. A trusty who works out of doors 200 feet from the women's building testified that he could hear not only the cries for mercy of the women undergoing punishment in their second story barracks room, but that he could hear and count the stroke of each lash on the bare back. Floggings in the death house can be heard in the nearby main cell house. Those in the upper stories can count the strokes as they are administered in the whipping room in the basement of the hospital building. One Negro woman was put in the stocks, her back bared and whipped for breaking ranks and picking a flower in the prison yard [44].

Black women take care of their own children and those of other women. There was Nancy Hill of Jackson, Mississippi who took care of 108 orphan waifs, black and white, during her life [45].

The kindness of black women is not always appreciated:

> A little white girl, eight years of age, was brought before the Children's Court of New York on the charge of improper guardianship. The evidence proved that the child was living in a tenement home under the care of a black woman who had been a mother to her since her own white mother had deserted her seven years before. The child was happy amid her surroundings, she was neatly dressed and there was no word of complaint against the woman who had reared her; nevertheless, by order of the court, she was placed in the charge of a probation officer, who at once removed her from her home. Her colored mother by adoption, the mother who had fed and clothed her, had given her pretty playthings, had trained her in sweet and virtuous ways, might not have her devotion recognized by a single hour's further companionship. If the child looks pretty enough she may be adopted by a white woman, but pending that time she must remain in an institution, not in the home that has sheltered her throughout her life.
>
> "They act as though we colored people were not human," the black woman said when she left the court.
>
> "The Negroes, you know, are so low," the probation officer remarked when an onlooker suggested the child might a little longer be trusted with her former protector [46].

DuBois made an analysis of the black mammy complex

The Black Mother

> The people of America, and especially the people of the Southern States, have felt so keen an appreciation of the qualities of motherhood in the Negro that they have proposed erecting a statue in the National Capital to the black mammy. The black nurse of slavery days may receive the tribute of enduring bronze from the master class.
>
> But this appreciation of the black mammy is always of the foster mammy, not of the mother in her home, attending to her own babies. And as the colored mother has retreated to her own home, the master class has cried out against her. "She is thriftless and stupid," the white mother says, "when she refuses to nurse my baby and stays with her own. She is bringing her daughter up beyond her station when she trains her to be a teacher instead of sending her into my home to act as nursemaid to my little boy and

girl. I will never enter her street, heaven forbid. A colored street is taboo, and she no longer deserves my approval when she refuses to leave her home and enter mine."

Let us hope that the black mammy, for whom so many sentimental tears have been shed, has disappeared from American life. She existed under a false social system that deprived her of husband and child. Thomas Nelson Page, after—with wet eyelids—recounting the virtues of his mammy, declares petulantly that she did not care for her own children. Doubtless this was true. How could it have been otherwise? But just so far as it was true it was a perversion of motherhood.

Let the present-day mammies suckle their own children. Let them walk in the sunshine with their own toddling boys and girls and put their own sleepy little brothers and sisters to bed. As their girls grow to womanhood, let them see to it that, if possible, they do not enter domestic service in those homes where they are unprotected, and where their womanhood is not treated with respect. In the midst of immense difficulties, surrounded by caste, and hemmed in by restricted economic opportunity, let the colored mother of to-day build her own statue, and let it be the four walls of her own unsullied home [47].

Attitudes toward the black woman are multivalent:

A Black Madonna

The *Ladies' Home Journal* publishes a letter of Mark Twain in which he praises a picture of Joan of Arc and speaks of artists who spoil the Virgin Mary by making her fair and *white*, which she wasn't."

His daughter Jean saw the letter before it was posted and withheld it, telling her father that he must change something in it. Mark Twain inquired as to the change:

"You have said the Virgin Mary was not white.

"Very well!

"But it's shocking. The idea of saying the mother of the Saviour was *colored*. It is sacrilegious."

"Nonsense" laughed the father. "In Mary's day only one-tenth of the world was white, and to-day over one thousand of the fifteen hundred million are colored."

But the daughter insisted that her father must change the "revolting" statement.

Mark Twain answered:

"My dear, I won't. To my mind one color is just as respectable as another; there is nothing important, nothing essential about a complexion. I mean, to *me*. But with God it is different. He doesn't think much of white people. He prefers the colored" [48].

DuBois wrote and published articles about other "Black Madonnas and *Vierges Noires*:

During the twelfth Century, in the Village of Myons, Provence of Savoie, France, a landslide covered the village and killed 8,000 persons, the Statue of the Black Madonna in the Church of Notre Dame, however, remained uninjured, and afterwards was known as the Miraculous Virgin It is made of a substance which is ebony black. The crown of the infant savior is studded with jewels worth many fortunes. The robes are made of gold braid, and are also studded with jewels. . . . Thousands of persons worship yearly at this shrine. There was also the Black Virgin of La Cathedrale du Puy in the mountain of Haute Loire. The origin of the original of the present statue is lost in the mists of antiquity; but it appears to be a pretty well-established fact that it was brought from the Holy Land by St. Louis in 1254 It was of ebony, and represented a black Virgin, sitting upon a stool, holding a black Infant Jesus on her knees. The bandages, tightly bound according to the fashion of the ancient Egyptian mummies, enveloped the body of the child and of the mother, leaving only their faces visible.

On the 19th of January, 1794, during the Revolution, the Vierge Noire, object of the veneration of so many centuries, was despoiled of her rich garments, dragged ignominiously through the streets and burned amid the howling of the mob, with all that was found precious in the archives of the Cathedral. "Thus disappeared this precious

image, the treasure and the safeguard of Vilay, at whose feet had bowed the posterity of Popes and Kings of innumerable generations," says the record.

On June 8th, 1856, the present Vierge Noire, a faithful copy of the ancient one, was solemnly crowned. This was the signal for even greater honors than had been previously shown her, and thereafter on innumerable occasions she was carried in triumph through the streets, and hundreds of thousands of pilgrims came to worship at her shrine [49].

With a few notable exceptions, DuBois' closest friendships were with women and children. He loved children and young people. His writing about children and women were equally tender. Examples are "The Gospel According to Mary Brown" and "The Woman"

She was very small and pretty and black and lived in the cabin beyond the Big Road and down the lane by the creek, there where field on field of green cotton was flowering in the spring. And one night as she sat there all alone and wistful, watching the stars, a woman passed by and hailed her. She shrank back in the shadows, but the woman smiled and said full softly:

"Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favor with God."

And then Mary knew, and she brought out the Old Book and read the lines aloud, following them with her little dark finger:

"My soul doth–magnify the Lord. . . .

"For He hath regarded the low-estate of his handmaiden, for behold from–henceforth all–generations shall call me blessed . . ."

Even as she read the door flew wide, and Pain stood beside her. He thrust and threw her poor little body and wracked and burst her thews in sunder. She moaned, but did not scream,–and thus at last, in years of hours, she brought forth her first-born son; and she called his name Joshua.

Day after day she sat and watched his perfect little form. Was he not a beautiful baby? His skin was black velvet; his eyes were star-sown midnights, set in milk; his tiny teeth, white pearls; and his hair all tender tendrils of silk.

Sometimes–some very little times–a pain caught her as she cuddled him close. Would it not be better for him if he were whiter? Brown, or yellow, or dusky cream? Then she would say fiercely: No! No! Is not Love, who is God, his Father? And would his Father send a black baby to this world just to make him suffer?

And so each night after work she took him out beneath the stars, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and she heard the angels singing:

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth Peace, good-will toward men."

Thus did Mary, the mother, begin to dream dreams. And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him.

Now his mother went to town every Christmas to settle for her crops, but it was not until he was twelve years old that he went with her, and saw town for the first time. How marvelous and wonderful to him was the revelation.

Mary finished her work and started home, but Joshua tarried behind. When Mary found him not, she turned back seeking him. After three days she found him in a church, sitting in the midst of the deacons, both hearing them and asking them questions:

Why were colored folk poor?

Why were they afraid?

Whose father was God?

Did the deacons know God? Well, he did God was his own Father.

And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers. But his mother said unto him:

"Son, why did you do me this-a-way?"

And he answered: "Wist ye not, that I must be about my Father's business."

And Mary caught her breast in pain, for how may a father be mentioned when one's father is only God? But she kept all his sayings in her heart.

So Joshua went back to the plantation and worked. He ploughed and picked cotton

and hoed and drove mules and, finally, learned to be a carpenter; and always he increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man.

But not, alas! with all white men. Most of them mistrusted him. They could not place him. He was neither sullen nor impudent. But he looked at them with a certain, clear understanding and calm sense of authority; he carried himself like a man, and this they resented.

"Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?" they asked "Didn't we keep him on the plantation and out of school? And yet, he's strutting and talking and preaching; he's putting ideas into niggers' heads." And they slipped down to the old wooden church by the creek and listened to him preach.

The people were scattered on the green under the trees, eating their lunch out of baskets. And Joshua opened his mouth and taught them, saying:

"Blessed are the poor; blessed are they that mourn; blessed are the meek; blessed are the merciful; blessed are they which are persecuted. All men are brothers and God is the Father of all."

Then all the multitude lifted up their voices and sang: "Good news, the Chariot's a comin'."

"What kind of talk is this?" said the White Folk, "Behold, he stirreth up the people."

Whereupon they took council together. They stopped his preaching and doubled his work. They cursed and drove his hearers; they warned and beat them.

Mary watched all this in mounting terror. She saw the hurt in Joshua's eyes and the bitterness in his heart. She knew that he suffered, not simply in himself, but with every other sufferer. That he was wounded by every sin and bruised by every injustice. He was oppressed and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth. She saw him walk daily, despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. The world hid its face from him and esteemed him not.

Bitter, ever more bitter, grew the White Folk at his silent protest–his humble submission to wrong. They seized him and questioned him.

"What do you mean by this talk about all being brothers–do you mean social equality?"

"What do you mean by 'the meek shall inherit the earth'–do you mean that niggers will own our cotton land?"

"What do you mean by saying God is you all's father–is God a nigger?"

And Joshua flamed in mighty anger and answered and said: "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers. Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell!"

In wild fury the mob seized him and haled him before a judge.

The Judge–he was from the North–was sorely puzzled. "What shall I do with him?" he asked helplessly.

"Kill the nigger," yelled the mob.

"Why, what evil hath he done?"

But they cried out the more, saying: "Let him be crucified."

Thereupon the Judge washed his hands of the whole matter, saying: "I am innocent of his blood. '

And so swiftly he was sentenced for treason and inciting murder and insurrection; quickly they hurried him to the jail-yard, where they stripped him, and spit upon him, and smote him on the head, and mocked, and lynched him. And sitting down, they watched him die.

And Joshua said: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Now far down in the cabin beyond the Big Road and down the lane by the creek, there where field on field of bronze-stalked cotton lay bursting in white clouds, awaiting the pickers, a mother strove with heaven, on her knees. And she cried!

"God, you ain't fair!–You ain't fair, God! You didn't ought to do it–if you didn't want him black, you didn't have to make him black; if you didn't want him unhappy, why did you let him think? And then you let them mock him, and hurt him, and lynch him! Why, why did you do it, God?"

And then afar she heard the faint pit-a-pat of running feet; she paused on her knees. Pit-a-pat they came across the field down the Big Road, along the lane; pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat; and then she heard the hard breathing–Ha-ha!–Pit-a-pat–pit-a-pat, until suddenly a flying sweat-swathed figure rushed on her, crying: "Mary–Mary–he is not dead: He is risen!"

He came in the twilight, walking slowly, with head thrust slightly forward, as was his wont, and eyes upon the ground. But the heart of Mary leapt within her. For his hair shone, the lines were gone from his face, and the sorrow slept in his eyes. His clothes were white and whole and clean, and his voice was the voice of God.

And Mary said: "Where was you, Son?"

And he answered and said: "I was crucified, dead, and buried. I descended into Hell. On the third day I rose from the dead. I ascended into Heaven, and sit on the right hand of my Father, from whence I shall come to judge the Quick and the Dead."

And softly Mary laid herself down at His feet, and died [50].

The Woman

In the land of the Heavy Laden came once a dreary day. And the King who sat upon the Great White Throne raised up his eyes and saw afar off how the hills around were hot with hostile feet, and the sound of the mocking of his enemies struck anxiously on the King's ears, for the King loved his enemies. So the King lifted up his hand and in the glittering silence spoke softly, saying, "Call the servants of the King." Then the herald stepped before the armpost of the throne and cried: "Thus saith the High and Mighty One, whose name is Holy: the servants of the King." Now, of the servants of the King there were a hundred and forty-four thousand–tried men and brave, brawny of arm and quick in wit; aye, too, and women of wisdom and marvelous in beauty and grace. And yet on this drear day when the King called their ears were thick with the dust of the enemy, their eyes were blinded with the flashing of his spears, and they hid their faces in dread silence and moved not, even at the King's behest. So the herald called again. And the servants cowered in very shame, but none came forth. But the third blast of the herald struck upon a woman's heart, afar. And the woman straightway left her baking and sweeping and the rattle of tins. And the woman straightway left her chatting and gossiping and the sewing of garments. And the woman stood before the King, saying, "The servant of they servants, O Lord."

Then the King smiled–smiled wondrously, so that the setting sun burst through the clouds and the hearts of the King's men dried hard within them. And the low-voiced King said, so low that even they that listened heard not well: "Go smite me mine enemies that they cease to do evil in my sight." And the woman quailed and trembled. Three times she lifted up her eyes unto the hills and saw the heathen whirling onward in their rage. And seeing she shrank–three times she shrank and crept to the King's feet. "O King," she cried, "I am but a woman," and the King answered: "Go then, mother of men." And the woman said "Nay, King, but I am still a maid." Whereat the King cried: "O Maid made Man, thou shall be Bride of God." And yet the third time the woman shrank at the thunder in her ears, and whispered: "Dear God, I am black." And the King spake not, but swept the veiling of his face aside and lifted up the light of his countenance upon her and lo! it was black.

So the woman went forth on the hills of God to do battle for the King on that drear day in the land of the Heavy Laden, when the heathen raged and imagined a vain thing [51].

DuBois was aware of the role and predicament of all women but especially black women as indicated by "The Damnation of Women":

"As I look about me today in this veiled world of mine, despite the noisier and more spectacular advance of my brothers, I instinctively feel and know that it is the five million women of my race who really count. Black women (and women whose grandmothers were black) are today furnishing our teachers; they are the main pillars of

those social settlements which we call churches; and they have with small doubt raised three-fourths of our church property." He was aware that much of the accumulated wealth of black folk had "been wrung from the hearts of servant girls and washerwomen and women toilers in the fields?" That as "makers of homes black women are seeking in marvelous ways to show forth our strength and beauty and our conception of the truth."

That black women toil and toil hard mostly in domestic service.

The results of the economically independent working mother were excessive percentages of broken families, high divorce and desertion rates.

He was convinced of the impossibility of abolishing the new economic freedom of women. The emancipation of women is next to the abolition of the color line and the peace movement, the "greatest modern cause. The combination of the movements–woman and color would have "deep meaning."

"The revolt of white women against this preordained destiny has in these latter days reached splendid proportions, but it is the revolt of an aristocracy of brains and ability,–the middle class and rank and file still plod on in the appointed path, . . ."

"When in this world a man comes forward with a thought, a deed, a vision, we ask not, how does he look,–but what is his message? It is of but passing interest whether or not the messenger is beautiful or ugly,–the *message* is the thing. This, which is axiomatic among men, has been in past ages but partially true if the messenger was a woman. The world still wants to ask that a woman primarily be pretty and if she is not, the mob pouts and asks querulously, 'What else are women for?' Beauty 'is its own excuse for being,' but there are other excuses, as most men know, and when the white world objects to black women because it does not consider them beautiful, the black world of right asks two questions: 'What is beauty?' and, 'Suppose you think them ugly, what then? If ugliness and unconventionality and eccentricity of face and deed do not hinder men from doing the world's work and reaping the world's reward, why should it hinder women?' "

"Other things being equal, all of us, black and white, would prefer to be beautiful in face and form and suitably clothed; but most of us are not so, and one of the mightiest revolts of the century is against the devilish decree that no woman is a woman who is not by present standards a beautiful woman. . . .

"Their sturdier minds have concluded that if a woman be clean, healthy, and educated, she is as pleasing as God wills and far more useful than most of her sisters. If in addition to this she is pink and white and straight-haired, and some of her fellow-men prefer this, well and good; but if she is black or brown and crowned in curled mists (and this to us is the most beautiful thing on earth), this is surely the flimsiest excuse for spiritual incarceration or banishment. . . .

"What does this mean? It forecasts a mighty dilemma which the whole world of civilization, despite its will, must one time frankly face: the unhusbanded mother or the childless wife, God send us a world with woman's freedom and married motherhood inextricably wed, but until He sends it, I see more of future promise in the betrayed girl-mothers of the black belt than in the childless wives of the white North, and I have more respect for the colored servant who yields to her frank longing for motherhood than for her white sister who offers up children for clothes. Out of a sex freedom that today makes us shudder will come in time a day when we will no longer pay men for work they do not do, for the sake of their harem; we will pay women what they earn and insist on their working and earning it; we will allow those persons to vote who know enough to vote, whether they be black or female, white or male; . . .

"I honor the women of my race. Their beauty,–their dark and mysterious beauty of midnight eyes, crumpled hair, and soft, full-featured faces–is perhaps more to me than to you, because I was born to its warm and subtle spell; but their worth is yours as well as mine. No other women on earth could have emerged from the hell of force and temptation which once engulfed and still surrounds black women in America with half the modesty and womanliness that they retain. I have always felt like bowing myself before them in all abasement, searching to bring some tribute to these long-suffering victims, these burdened sisters of mine, whom the world, the wise, white world, loves to affront and ridicule and wantonly to insult. I have known the women of many lands and

nations,–I have known and seen and lived beside them, but none have I known more sweetly feminine, more unswervingly loyal, more desperately earnest, and more instinctively pure in body and in soul than the daughters of my black mothers. This, then,–a little thing–to their memory and inspiration" [52].

From time to time in the *Crisis*, DuBois carried stories about black and white women. There was the story about Mrs. Mary Catherine Windsor, the black spy,

> During the Civil War she was going with her brother to New Orleans on a boat which later became a war transport for the Union Army. As the boat was about to weigh anchor cautiously in the Mississippi late one afternoon, she discovered rebel forces crawling underbrush and about to open fire. She gave the alarm and the enemy was put to rout. Soon afterward she was made a spy and rendered valuable aid to the Union forces [53].

The following is one of the stories published about Sojourner Truth:

> Most people have forgotten Sojourner Truth, that courageous Dutch-Negro woman who labored so long for the human rights of her people. Born in Ulster County of New York State in the late eighteenth century, her eventful life preceded and survived for over a decade the great civil conflict that was to change the character of American social and industrial life. In her young womanhood she began her association with workers in the cause of human freedom, leading an itinerant existence, going from town to town and holding meetings of her own.
>
> Mrs. Francis D. Gage, a champion of women's rights relates the following story of Sojourner Truth:
>
> "Once upon a Sabbath in Michigan an abolition meeting was held. Parker Pillsbury was speaker, and criticized freely the conduct of the churches regarding slavery. While he was speaking there came up a fearful thunder storm. A young Methodist arose, and interrupting the speaker, said he felt alarmed; he felt as if God's judgment was about to fall on him for daring to sit and hear such blasphemy; that it made his hair almost rise with terror. Here a voice, sounding above the rain that beat upon the roof, the sweeping surge of the winds, the crashing of the limbs of trees, the swaying of branches and the rolling of thunder, spoke out: 'Child don't be afraid, you are not going to be harmed. I don't expect God's ever heard tell of you.' " It was Sojourner Truth [54].

DuBois reproduced on the cover of the *Crisis* many women, some photographed from life. On the cover of the August 1915 *Crisis* he reproduced a painting of Sojourner Truth and Lincoln by black Lottie E. Wilson (later Mrs. Moss) of Niles, Michigan which was "presented by her to President Roosevelt and now hanging in the permanent collection in the White House" [55]. A reader, Harriet Stanton Blatch, wrote:

> The picture of Sojourner Truth with Lincoln, on the cover of your August number, revives many thrilling childhood memories in my mind. Sojourner Truth stayed with us through the time of one of the woman suffrage conventions in New York City. I was a little girl and very proud of my reading, and I used to read to Sojourner. One day she told me, when I suppose I showed some surprise at her not being able to read, that "she could not read such little things as letters; that she read men" [56].

DuBois noted the death at New Albany, Indiana of Lucy Nichols, the only woman member of the Grand Army of the Republic [57].

He wrote a miniature biography of Isabel Eaton, a relative of the family of Daniel Webster, who was associated with him in the compiling and writing of the *Philadelphia Negro* and in the forming of the NAACP [58]. He paid tribute to Lucy Laney and her school [59]; to Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Tanner, wife of Bishop

B. T. Tanner and mother of Henry O. Tanner, the artist, who won international fame, of whom he wrote:

> Many have seen his loving portrait of her, done in the style of Whistler's famous canvas. They will remember the golden glow of her dark face in the firelight, and know what she meant to the boy who has since made his mysterious sense of color and form speak to the civilized world [60].

He noted the death of Mrs Helen Louise Dillet Johnson, mother of James Weldon and J. Rosamond Johnson [61]. With affection he remembered Geraldine Pindell Trotter, wife of William Monroe, "as a shy slip of a girl at dancing class, where together we mastered the intricacies of the then new 'Berlin' " [62]. He recorded for history the first black woman, Miss Dorothy Coates of Spokane, Washington, to be called for jury duty in the United States [63]. He lost a friend, Inez Milholland who "viewed the world-scene with a certain clean-cut clearness. Her passion was Truth and where its pitiless logic led, she walked with seeing feet, splendidly unafraid" [64].

"Men of the Month" in the *Crisis* included women:

> Millie Jane Henderson was born a slave, May 4, 1842, near Williamsburg, Mo. She belonged to Mr. Dyson, and served as a worker in the house and sometimes in the field, to substitute for a man. Spinning yarn and weaving goods for clothing was her principal work. Five yards of linsey and three of jeans was her task per day, and she was not allowed to do anything for herself until this task was finished. During the last year of the Civil War, she married Mr. Thomas Henderson, a slave, who was hired by Mr. Arnold, about five miles away.
>
> During the first year after freedom, Mr. Henderson farmed for part of a crop, and Mrs. Henderson hired out, receiving as salary, thirty dollars a year. The next three years, they cropped on shares at the Gilbert place, and the year following, they bought a farm of 120 acres in Montgomery County, Mo., where five children were born.
>
> Four children finished the normal course at Lincoln Institute. Later, one was graduated as Bachelor of Philosophy from Drake University, and is now principal of a school at Watonga, Okla.; another is principal of a school at Beggs, Okla.; and a third, after completing the medical course at Meharry Medical College, is now practicing in Dallas, Texas. One daughter is a teacher in the City Schools of Guthrie, Okla., and the other died at thirteen.
>
> The father of these children died in 1909, at the age of sixty-nine years. The mother still lives, and has a farm in Logan County, a home in Langston, and property in Fulton, Mo. [65].

The article on Maria Baldwin not only informs the reader about her but gives a self analysis of DuBois as a teenager:

> I met Maria Baldwin first in 1885. She was already a school teacher—already the quiet, almost diffident personality, with beautiful brown face and speaking eyes and with a low voice full of earnest inquiry. She had a few of us at her house of an evening, once a week. It was a sort of salon, unnamed, unorganized, but palpitating with spirit. I was then in my hottest, narrowest, self-centered, confident period, with only faint beginnings of doubts and revolt. Most things I knew definitely and argued with scathing, unsympathetic finality that scared some into silence. But Maria Baldwin was always serene, just slightly mocking, refusing to be thundered or domineered into silence and answering always in that low, rich voice—with questionings, with frank admission of uncertainty which seemed to me then as exasperatingly weak.
>
> Yet she grew on us all. Her poise commanded greater and greater respect. Her courage—her splendid, quiet courage astonished us, and so she came to larger life and accomplishment. She fought domestic troubles and the bitter never-ending insults of race

difference. But she emerged always the quiet, well-bred lady, the fine and lovely Woman.

She died a teacher, teaching men, women and children; and how strange a mockery of our democracy it is that most Americans are chiefly interested to know that her pupils, her thousands of public-school pupils, were white Massachusetts school children [66].

With the biographical story of Dr. Virginia Alexander, DuBois published a photograph of his granddaughter whom she delivered:

A good many people looking at Virginia Alexander would say she was too young and too good natured to be a successful physician. Some folk have made tragic mistakes by not being able to recognize her extraordinary skill, and far beyond that her splendid sacrifice and devotion. As a business woman, she is the joke of her friends; forgetting to collect her fees, handing them back to the poor, furnishing medicine for nothing, working endlessly with her strong young body, and whirling her little Ford through Philadelphia streets with hair-raising accuracy. . . .

Of course, Dr. Virginia has her troubles. She looks so young and unsophisticated that fellow physicians, friends and relatives always want to advise and patronize her until at last they realize their own ignorance and inexperience in her efficient, unhurried methods and the iron determination beneath her pleasant smile [67].

In an article on "Colored Girls in Cleveland" extolling the work of Jane Hunter, the organizer of the Phillis Wheatley Association, DuBois wrote:

Phillis Wheatley House is a monument to American Negro womanhood: to its ability to endure and to bear with dignity and courage, poverty and insult and discrimination.

Phillis Wheatley House is a monument to the generosity of American white folk; to the spirit which has given the Negro churches, schools and institutions and which responds again and again to the cry of suffering humanity.

And yet and again Phillis Wheatley House is a monument to American Prejudice; to its inability to rise above alms-giving, into human brotherhood and a desire for the full and free development of every human being to its greatest capacity [68].

Evidently touched by a story published in *La Follette's*, DuBois reprints it in the *Crisis*:

La Follette's publishes this little story:

"My, but the day was warm! and the flight of stairs leading to the elevated station was long.

"I was going down which was easy. I met her, coming up.

"She was a young colored woman, of thirty or thereabout. She had a year-old baby in her arms and a child of two or two and a half was bravely trying to climb the stairs alone. And finding it very hard.

"It was one of those warm days in early spring, when one still wore his winter clothes. The little child wore a heavy coat and cap.

"The mother tried to help her, but was herself already overburdened. She carried not only the babe in her arms, but one yet unborn.

"I met them about half way up.

"My babies had always resented the assistance of strangers, and I felt that the little girl might resent my help. I, however, took the chance of it and, picking her up, carried her to the top of the stairs. Fortunately she did not protest, but accepted the help, quite as a matter of course.

"But the mother nearly broke my heart—for with tears in her eyes she thanked and blessed me.

"It was not simply that I had carried her baby up a flight of stairs. It was that I, a white woman, had carried her black baby girl!

"I knew it was that which brought the tears and the overwhelming gratitude.

"The pity of it!

"Neither of us responsible for our color!"

And in the same paper Mary Autin, the wonderful immigrant girl, is quoted as saying:

"When my little girl sits next to the little boy whose mother works in a factory all day and her lad uses language he learns on the street and my little girl asks me why he uses such language, it offers me the opportunity to give her the first insight into wrong social conditions, which can only be learned by real contact and experience. When she comes home and tells me of the gibes aimed at a little colored girl in the school, I seize the chance to teach her the inhumanity of such discrimination" [69].

As an historian DuBois knew how easy it was to deny the accomplishment of blacks "by the simple expedient of forgetting that those who have done anything" were black. This has been done with Fraunces Tavern at the Battery in New York where "George Washington and nearly all his officers came when he bade them his famous farewell, while at the same time that 'Black Sam' Fraunces dispensed good dinners here nearly every one of any consequence in New York came to dine." There is a romance connected with this Tavern.

But it appears that plots against liberty as well as for it were fomented at Black Sam's. For in 1776 there were men in England who saw that the great personality of Washington was one of the greatest dangers to England's hold upon the colonies, and these men were not above removing the danger as best they could.

So it happened that a frequenter of Black Sam's place was a young Englishman named Hickey, who had deserted from the British army and enlisted as an American volunteer. Because he was a clever man, despite his bad record, he had become one of General Washington's bodyguard.

This man was the king-pin in a plot to assassinate Washington, and the first step in the plan was for him to win the help of the general's housekeeper. This person was none other than the young and attractive West Indian girl, Phoebe Fraunces, daughter of Black Sam. The murderer first won her heart and made her his mistress. Then he let her know his plan and the part she was to play. There is no record of the struggle that took place in the mind of Phoebe Fraunces when she found that the man she loved was the appointed murderer of her master. But the fact remains that she revealed the plot to Washington and saw her lover hanged [70].

After considerable chuckling, he probably decided to reprint this story:

No Disputing of Tastes

Andrée Viollis writes in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* of a scene in Paris:

In the Boulevard Theatre, at a most pathetic part of the play, a woman, late for the performance, stalked along to the stalls. My interest in the play vanished in a flash. My eyes turned away from the stage and remained fascinated—glued upon her. She was a sight, indeed There she stood draped in a heavy fur cape,—her neck, arms and back bare to the waist. A slashed banier bristled round her waist, in the guise of a loin cloth. Gold circlets hung from her ears to her shoulders and heavy gold anklets dangled on her feet.

All this is nothing unusual, of course. We have seen it often enough. But her blonde hairdress, erected like a sugar loaf, strangely pinked out with ribbons and feathers, formed the weirdest contrast to a dusky face, wavering between African brown and red Indian. Overcome, I turned toward my friend.

"What strange race is that?" I asked "Such a skin, with fair hair, blue eyes, and a dear little turned-up nose! Is she a native of Africa? Does she hail from Honolulu? Where can she come from?"

"And where do you come from yourself?" asked my friend, compassionately. "Don't you know anything about the new fashions? Last year women used brown powder, to look like South Americans. Now they are going one better,—after negroid art, fetes, and fashions. It is from blackest Congo that light is coming to us."

"But how do they manage it?"

"It's very simple. They soak their faces in iodine and acquire as many layers as required to suit their fancy."

"But it burns," I gasped.

"Iodine? Yes, it burns. Some, all too zealous and rash, had their skins peel off horribly, but after some days' retreat, they started again.

" 'Que voulez-vous?' Doesn't the old French proverb say, you must suffer to be beautiful?"

I gazed at the weird, painted idol, and whispered doubtfully: "After all, they say madness is sometimes sublime" [71].

Because DuBois was aware of the way in which suffrage for women was interlocked with suffrage for blacks he was an early, consistent, constant advocate of woman's suffrage. Every argument for Negro suffrage, he said, is an argument for woman's suffrage; every argument for woman suffrage is an argument for Negro suffrage. He predicted that the struggle for woman suffrage would lead to widespread discussion of Negro suffrage, North and South

The Boston *Advertiser* and the New York *World* have wrestled merrily with the problem. Says the former:

"In attempting to warn the women to cease troubling Congress, lest disaster befall them, the *World* goes on to point out that the only time the nation departed from the principle of State control of the franchise it reopened the issue of the Civil War and created new causes for race hatred and race strife, which still perplex it, despite the fact that Southern constitutions have practically nullified the Fifteenth Amendment. The warning is given that if an equal-suffrage amendment to the Constitution were secured by its advocates, it 'would not be long before some of the States began to enact grandmother clauses, to disfranchise women, like the grandfather clauses by which Negroes are disfranchised in the South'. . . .

"It seems to us that this goes pretty far in defense of national dishonesty. The women are warned to desist from troubling Congress, lest Congress disfranchises them, as it has consented to the disfranchisement of the Negroes. But if the sentiment of the nation should demand the enforcement of the constitutional provision for the penalty of such disfranchisement, there would be no disfranchisement. Is this not a plain hint to the suffragists that they cannot expect national recognition, until they force Congress to obey the Constitution, which demands that the representation of every State, which disfranchises any of its citizens, shall be reduced in the House of Representatives and in the Electoral College?" . . .

"The Macon Telegraph holds that 'votes for Negro women will mean votes for Negro men, the abolition of the present restrictions—an uninspiring prospect in view of the fact that the Negroes have a majority in two Southern States and in many counties of all the Southern States'. . . .

"Southern women who have allied themselves with the suffragette movement maintain that the Southern Negro woman will not expect to vote. But the *Telegraph* does not rest the matter there, and turns to the 'men's league,' saying:

" 'But the members of the "men's league" must know that many years were required to reach even a temporary solution of the problem of the Negro man's vote, and they ought to know that for the problem of the Negro woman's vote there will be no solution at all—against the shrill protest of Northern woman suffragist teachers from Maine to California'. . . .

So is there danger in the enfranchisement of the Negro women in the South, carrying with it, as the *Telegraph* suggests, ballot rights for Negro men in the Southern States not now enjoyed. A pretty good suggestion just now, when 'the South is in the saddle,' is, 'Go slowly.' "

St. Luke's *Herald*, edited by a sturdy Virginia colored business woman, declares that:

"The Negro has not even as yet realized the value and the importance of the ballot. We have been taught to eschew the ballot; but the first thing that the foreigner is taught as soon as he gets here is to learn how to use the ballot, even if it be in a dumb, automatic way.

"The women of the world are demanding and receiving the ballot; they are battling for it in every civilized country. The white women in the United States, rich and poor, high and low, educated and uneducated, are working for the ballot–save the white women of the South. In the South white women want to join their sisters, but they are afraid lest in striving for the ballot for themselves they should in some way help the Negro woman" [72].

Less than two years after the launching of the *Crisis*, DuBois conducted "A Woman's Suffrage Symposium." Fanny Garrison Villard discussed in "Garrison and Woman's Suffrage" the part that her father, William Lloyd Garrison, played in the movement. She pointed out the close relation that existed between the anti-slavery agitation and woman's rights. At that time "Custom did not permit women to address audiences of both men and women; the only exception being that of the Society of Friends " Thus Sarah and Angelina Grimké, daughters of a distinguished judge of Charleston, South Carolina, both gifted speakers and able writers, "were sternly rebuked for their temerity." The General Association of Massachusetts issued in July 1837 a pastoral letter to the Orthodox Congregational Churches with the aim of closing the doors of churches to anti-slavery lecturers, and diminishing the audiences of the Grimké sisters. The Grimké sisters then requested permission to speak on the anti-slavery platform and were warmly welcomed by Garrison who said he "owed a greater duty to women who were half the human race than he did to the slaves who were, happily, only a small part of it, and that he must be true to both." Mrs. Villard considered Miss Catherine Beecher's "Essay on Slavery and Abolitionism, with Reference to the Duty of American Females" addressed to Miss A. E. Grimké as the "beginning of the woman's rights agitation in America". . . Angelina Grimké's forceful reply to Miss Beecher was published in thirteen articles in the *Liberator*. Garrison had journeyed to London in 1840 for the express purpose of attending a world's anti-slavery convention which was meeting with about five hundred delegates. When Garrison learned that his women co-delegates, sent by the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania Anti-slavery Societies, were denied admission to the convention because of their sex, Garrison took his seat with them in the gallery and refused to take part in the proceedings. In the gallery he was in the company of Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Wendell Phillips, Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman, Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Miss Abby Kelley, afterward Mrs. Stephen Foster, Miss Emily Winslow, Miss Abby Southwick, Mrs. Lucretia Mott and others of his peers. "It was, indeed, a singular world's [anti-slavery] convention from which the leader of the greatest anti-slavery movement of the age had to abstain from taking part in order to vindicate the principle of human equality . . : and the convention marked an important era in the woman question rather than that of abolition" [73].

Adella Hunt Logan in her "Colored Women as Voters" noted that "In California the colored woman bore her part creditably in the campaign for equal suffrage and also with commendable patriotism in the recent presidential nomination campaign. The State of Washington, new with its votes-for-women law, has already had a colored woman juror. Why not? She is educated and wealthy and wants to protect the best interests in her State. Colorado has never had better school officials than her women have made. Judge Ben. Lindsey is as popular with colored women voters as he is with white women voters. The

juvenile court over which he presides gives the boy a square deal regardless of color. . . . Wyoming, Utah and Idaho, the other full suffrage States, have few colored women, but these few are not hurt by, but are being helped by, their voting privileges. In the States that are now conducting woman suffrage campaigns the colored woman is as interested and probably as active as conditions warrant. This is notably true of Ohio and Kansas. A number of colored women are active members of the National Woman Suffrage Association. They are well informed and are diligent in the spread of propaganda. Women who see that they need the vote see also that the vote needs them" [74].

Mary Church Terrell wrote: "Frederick Douglass did many things of which I am proud, but there is nothing he ever did in his long and brilliant career in which I take keener pleasure and greater pride than I do in his ardent advocacy of equal political rights for women, and the effective service he rendered the cause of woman suffrage sixty years ago. When the resolution demanding equal political rights for women was introduced in the meeting held at Seneca Falls, N.Y., in 1848, Frederick Douglass was the only man in the convention courageous and broad-minded enough to second the motion. It was largely due to Douglass's masterful arguments and matchless eloquence that the motion was carried, in spite of the opposition of its very distinguished and powerful foes" [75].

Martha Gruening wrote that the woman suffrage movement in England and America was not only contemporaneous with the anti-slavery struggle but "owed its existence in a large measure to this phase of the struggle for human rights. For it was in the abolitionist ranks that the early suffragists received their training, both as thinkers and propagandists. . . . For if the Negro was a slave the married woman of that day was no less a chattel. She was no longer openly bought and sold, [The sale of wives was a legal transaction in England well into the nineteenth century] but she had, no more than he, a separate legal existence. If the Negro slave belonged to his master, she belonged no less, absolutely, to her husband as did her property, her earnings, and even her children. Both were disfranchised. Both were deprived of education and subject to economic disabilities which they shared with no other class. Even the constitutional right of free speech was not extended to women when it meant public speech." As a result of what happened to Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton at the World's Anti-Slavery Convention in London in 1840, their resolve to free themselves from the artificial restraints imposed on them because of their sex resulted in an agitation which culminated in the women's rights convention of 1848 and its declaration of rights. This convention, attended by about a hundred men and women at Seneca Falls, New York was denounced by the press as "the most unnatural and shocking incident in the history of humanity" while the declaration excited almost universal derision. This document stated the belief of its framers in the equality of men and women and demanded for women education, the liberty of entering all trades and professions, the right to appear in public, the right to "work with men in any good cause," reminiscent of the anti-slavery convention, and finally, the ballot.

"The early history of the suffrage movement abounds with like incidents showing the help given to the cause by colored people." The following is quoted

from the Reminiscences of Mrs. Frances D. Gage" of Sojourner Truth at the Akron convention:

> "The second day the work waxed warm. Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, Presbyterian and Universalist ministers came in to hear and discuss the resolutions presented. One claimed superior rights and privileges for man, on the ground of 'superior intellect;' another because of the 'manhood of Christ;' another gave us a theological view of the 'sin of our first mother.' Through all these sessions Sojourner Truth, quiet and reticent, sat crouched against the wall, on the corner of the pulpit stairs, her elbows on her knees, her chin resting on her broad, hard palms. Again and again, timorous and trembling ones came to me and said with earnestness: 'Don't let her speak, Mrs. Gage, it will ruin us'. . . .
>
> "There were very few in those days who dared 'speak in meeting,' and the august teachers of the people were seemingly getting the better of us, while the boys in the gallery and the sneerers in the pews were hugely enjoying the discomfiture as they supposed of the 'strong minded.' Some of the tender-skinned friends were on the point of losing dignity and the atmosphere betokened a storm, when slowly from her seat in the corner rose Sojourner Truth 'Don't let her speak,' gasped half a dozen in my ear. She moved slowly and solemnly to the front and turned her great speaking eyes to me. There was a hissing sound of disapprobation, both above and below, as I announced 'Sojourner Truth' and begged the audience to keep silence for a few minutes. At her first words there was a profound hush. She spoke in deep tones, not loud, but which reached every ear in the house, and away through the throng at the doors and windows.
>
> " 'Wall, chillern, whar dar is so much racket dar must be somethin' out o' kilter. I reckon dat 'twixt de Niggers in de Souf and de women in de Norf, de white men will be in a fix pretty soon. But hat's all dis here talkin' about?
>
> "Idat man ober dar say dat women needs to be helped into carriages, and lifted ober ditches, and to hab de best place everywhar. Nobody eber helps me into carriages or ober mud puddles, or gibs me de best place! And ain't I a woman? Look at me! Look at my arm' (and she bared her tremendous arm showing her great muscular power). 'I have ploughed, I have planted and gathered into barns and noone could head me—and ain't I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man—when I could get it—and bear de lash as well, and ain't I a woman? I have borne thirteen children and seen most of dem sold off into slavery, and when I cried out in my mother's grief, none but Jesus heard me; and ain't I a woman?
>
> " 'Den dey talks 'bout dis ting in de head. What dey call it?' ('Intellect,' someone whispered.) 'Dat's it, honey. What's dat got to do with Nigger's rights or women's rights? If my cup won't hold but a pint and yours holds a quart, wouldn't you be mean not to let me have my little half measure full?' (And she sent a keen glance at the minister who made the argument. The cheering was long and loud.)
>
> " 'Den dat man ober dar, he say women can't have as much right as men 'cause Christ wan't a woman! Whar did your Christ come from?' (Rolling thunder couldn't have stilled the crowd as did those deep wonderful tones as she stood with outstretched arms and eyes of fire.) 'Whar did your Christ come from? From God and a woman. Man had nothin' to do with him!' What a rebuke that was to the little man!
>
> "Lastly she took up the defense of Mother Eve, eliciting almost deafening applause at every word, and finally returned to her corner, leaving many of us with streaming eyes and hearts beating with gratitude. She had taken us up in her strong arms and carried us safely over the slough of difficulty, turning the whole tide in our favor. I have never seen anything like the magical influence which turned the sneers and jeers of an excited crowd into notes of respect and admiration."

If such incidents have been less frequent in recent years it is not because the profound and close connection between the Negro and women movements no longer exists. The parallel between their respective situations is as clear to-day as it was in 1848, but it is too frequently ignored by the reformers on both sides. Both have made some progress toward complete emancipation, the gains of women in the direction of enfranchisement being seemingly the more lasting. Both, however, are still very largely

disfranchised, and subject to those peculiar educational, legal and economic discriminations that are the natural results of disfranchisement. And finally, both are being brought with every onward step nearer to the identical temptation–to sacrifice the principle of true democracy to the winning of a single skirmish. So when one sees a national body of suffragists refusing to pass a universal suffrage resolution, one is compelled to wonder at the logic of those who, knowing so well what disfranchisement means, would allow it to be inflicted on others. "Let us not confuse the issue," these suffragists plead, some in good faith. Yet the confusion, if any, exists only in their minds. Here are not two distinct issues at stake, but merely the vital principle of democracy. Others insist that the granting of the ballot to women must precede all other reforms because "women have waited long enough" and recall the fact that women were forced to stand aside and see Negro men enfranchised at the close of the Civil War. This is undoubtedly true and was quite justly a source of bitter disappointment to the suffrage leaders of that day–a disappointment we should not under-estimate–but merely to reverse the principals in an unjust occurrence is not to work justice. It is strange to see so many suffragists who point with pride to the action of Garrison in withdrawing from the anti-slavery convention, blind to the larger significance of that action. Stranger still to see them following, not Garrison's lead, but that of the convention in their attitude toward colored people, and forgetting that no cause is great to the exclusion of every other. This Robert Purvis, a noted colored leader, understood, as is shown by his noble reply to the suffragists' appeal: "I cannot agree that this or any hour is specially the Negro's. I am an anti-slavery man. With what grace could I ask the women of this country to labor for my enfranchisement and at the same time be unwilling to put forth a hand to remove the tyranny in some respects greater to which they are exposed?" This is what all suffragists must understand, whatever their sex or color–that all the disfranchised of the earth have a common cause [76].

Although an intransigent advocate of woman suffrage, DuBois criticized the National American Woman Suffrage Association because of its attitude toward the Negro problem and especially the vote for Negro women:

The president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association is timid on the Negro problem and thinks Negroes oppose woman's suffrage. Celia Parker Woolsey answers her in the Public: "We are told that 'all Negroes are opposed to woman suffrage,' an astonishing statement, which will not bear examination. I have worked with and among colored people for many years. In the institution with which I am connected, the Frederick Douglass Center, the subject of woman suffrage is a familiar and welcome theme. Suffrage meetings have been held in our assembly room, where the subject was discussed by white and black. I have yet to hear a serious argument on the negative side from a colored speaker.

"The feeling of the most thoughtful Negroes on this subject is one that does equal credit to heart and understanding. "I know what disfranchisement means," said one of these in my hearing. "I have suffered from it, my race suffers from it still. I should be ashamed to impose such a wrong on any other class." Compare this to the rallying cry, 'Do not touch the Negro problem!"

It may be well in this connection to tell the story of one of Miss Anthony's very early visits to Chicago her first, I believe She had come in the hope of securing a chance to speak her gospel word. Church after church was solicited from the white clergy and invariably refused. It so happened that the friend with whom Miss Anthony was stopping lived near the color district and was on friendly terms with her dusky-skinned neighbors. She called on the pastor of Quinn Chapel, the oldest and largest colored church in the city, whose use was promptly granted. Thus, it was from a colored pulpit, and in the main to a colored audience, that our Susan addressed her first argument in the city of the lakes.

Woman suffrage has no more loyal friend than Frederick Douglass. Doubtless he injured himself in many more cautious minds by thus openly allying himself with a cause which was in those days far more unpopular than the black man's. Did anyone say to him, "Let the woman question alone?" One can easily imagine the reply he would have

made, he who said: "I know no race problem; there is a human problem." His last public act was to attend a meeting of the National Association, where Miss Anthony spoke words of gratitude and praise to him, pinning a flower in his buttonhole. He went to his home and an hour later was dead.

This reminds us of a little correspondence of our own, which we subjoin:

"Chairman, Resolutions Committee, "National American Woman Suffrage Association, Louisville, Kentucky."

"Will you submit the following resolution to the convention for consideration:

"Resolved, that the women who are trying to lift themselves out of the class of the disfranchised, the class of the insane and criminal, express their sympathy with the black men and women who are fighting the same battle and recognize that it is as unjust and as undemocratic to disfranchise human beings on the ground of color as on the ground of sex.

"(Signed) Martha Gruening."

"My dear Dr. DuBois:

"I am requested to convey to you a message that in the opinion of the majority of the resolutions committee at the recent convention of our association in Louisville, it was not deemed advisable to include the resolution presented by your association among those to be presented to the convention.

"Yours very truly,
"(Signed)" Mary Ware Donnet,
"Corresponding Secretary."

A prominent suffragist adds:

"I cannot let the occasion go by without at least giving myself the satisfaction of saying how very much I regret the action of the resolutions committee and that I am especially sorry that the matter did not come up at all so that any one outside the resolutions committee could even express an opinion on the subject while the convention was in session. I earnestly hope that a similar resolution will be presented at next year's convention, and that those of us who care about the subject can have the privilege of doing our best to put it through" [77].

Under the title "Suffering Suffragettes" DuBois wrote "The woman suffragists are wincing a bit under the plain speaking of THE CRISIS." President Anna Shaw wrote:

"There is not in the National Association any discrimination against colored people. If they do not belong to us it is merely because they have not organized and have not made application for membership. Many times we have had colored women on our program and as delegates, and I, personally, would be only too glad to welcome them as long as I am president of the National Association.

"At the State convention in Ithaca a few days ago, when I was conducting the question box, I was asked what I did in Louisville in regard to admitting women of Negro blood to the convention and my reply was: 'I did nothing in regard to admitting women of Negro blood to the convention. Our association does not recognize either Negro blood or white blood; what we stand for is the demand for equal political rights for women with men, and we know no distinction of race.' Our whole contention is for justice to women, white and colored, and I do not think it will be possible ever to change the platform of the National Association in this respect."

The corresponding secretary has heard vague rumors in Ohio and says:

"A somewhat indefinite report has reached me that there is being circulated a statement to the effect that the committee on resolutions of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, at the last annual convention held in Louisville, Ky., 'snowed under' a resolution condemning disfranchisement of colored people in the South. As I remember the circumstance that probably gave rise to this misleading report it was as follows: In the hurry of the last meeting of the resolutions committee, which

was composed of one member from each State, only a part of the committee being present, several resolutions on various subjects were presented, one being about as the above recites. I do not recall that it read '*colored* people,' though it may have been meant to apply to them. No one objected in any way to its provisions, but one or two mentioned conditions in other parts of the United States which were against the free use of the ballot and said that the resolution was not broad enough. There was not time to discuss it fully, so this one and some other resolutions were not acted upon at all. Those who proposed any of the resolutions not acted upon by our committee had the opportunity and full liberty to present them from the floor, so that our committee did not feel that it was 'snowing under' that resolution, or any other, which it had not had time to revise to make comprehensive enough to include all similar abridgments of rights guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States.

"The ballotless women, I can assure you, who attended that convention are working for, and urging with all their ability, strength and talents, the guarantee of civil and political rights for all citizens of the United States entitled to them."

All this is pleasant and encouraging, but does it present the facts in the case exactly? Early in August Miss Martha Gruening sought a chance to have a colored delegate introduce the following resolution at the Louisville convention and speak on the floor:

"Resolved, that the women who are trying to lift themselves out of the class of the disfranchised, the class of the insane and criminal, express their sympathy with the black men and women who are fighting the same battle and recognize that it is as unjust and as undemocratic to disfranchise human beings on the ground of color as on the ground of sex."

President Anna Shaw refused absolutely to invite the colored lady suggested and said over her signature several weeks befsore the convention:

"I must oppose the presentation of that resolution at our national convention. I do not feel that we should go into a Southern State to hold our national convention and then introduce any subject which we know beforehand will do nothing but create discord and inharmony in the convention. The resolution which you proposed to introduce would do more to harm the success of our convention in Louisville than all the other things that we do would do good. I am in favor of colored people voting, but white women have no enemy in the world who does more to defeat our amendments, when submitted, than colored men, and until women are recognized and permitted to vote, I am opposed to introducing into our women suffrage convention a resolution in behalf of men who, if our resolution were carried, would go straight to the polls and defeat us every time."

We have already shown that the statement that colored men oppose woman suffrage is false, and we have only to add that every effort was made to keep this resolution from being presented; and when it finally appeared it was incontinently sidetracked in committee. We are not surprised that under the circumstances the information of the corresponding secretary is "somewhat indefinite" [78].

At Chattanooga when a white worker campaigning for woman's suffrage in the South was asked if her movement meant giving the vote to black women

> The expectant hush fell on the audience and instead of standing up like a frank woman and saying "Yes," Mrs. Belmont quibbled and twisted after the most approved southern fashion. "We want," she said, "the same voting privileges for colored women as are given colored men." And there the adroitness stands naked and unashamed.
>
> It will undoubtedly attract the support of those southerners who want aristocratic white women to vote and to vote their narrow-headed prejudices into a new southern oligarchy. But there are people whom such dishonesty will not attract. It will not, for instance, attract the tens of thousands of black voters who are going to cast their ballots in certain states this fall where the suffrage question will come up. They will not be satisfied in having their black sisters of the South disfranchised like their black brothers and they will hold in frank and logical suspicion a party that is working for that kind of democracy.

> Moreover, there are thousands of white people in this country whom this kind of quibbling disgusts. Everybody knows what desperate effort has been made by certain elements among the suffragists to dodge the Negro problem, to try and work for democracy for white people while being dumb before slavey for blacks. This element has been squelched several times in the counsels of the party but it continually bobs up. Let the suffrage movement beware! In the turnings of time Mrs. Belmont may not be as adroit as she at present conceives herself [79].

Reaction to suffrage for black women varied in time and place. At the Congressional Conference of the New York Woman Suffrage Association, a storm of applause from all the two thousand women present greeted the statement by Mrs. Norman de R. Whitehouse, a southern woman by birth, that:

> "We welcome colored women in the movement for the political emancipation of women on all occasions and without distinctions of any kind. One of the things that pleased us most in the recent suffrage parade was the large number of colored women who took part in it. We say with absolute conviction that we want the right of suffrage for all women, for colored women exactly on the same terms as for white women" [80].

Senator Tillman, the vociferous bigot of his day, wrote to the Editor of the Maryland *Suffrage News*: "The same crusade that is now going on to force woman suffrage on the South has its origin among the same type of sentimentalists who brought about the Civil War and hounded the southern people because of slavery." He pointed out that in South Carolina there were "100,000 more Negroes than white people;" that a moment's thought would show "that if women were given the ballot, the Negro women would vote as well as white women. Experience has taught us that Negro women are much more aggressive in asserting the 'rights of that race' than the Negro men are." . . . "With a 'free vote and fair count,' which we have never been willing to give the Negroes, and never will, in my judgment, South Carolina and Mississippi would inevitably be dominated by Negroes; and the States of Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Louisiana would have a large Negro vote in their law making and tax levying bodies. Consider the results . . , South Carolina was redeemed in 1876 by its own true sons by the aid of the shotgun and pistol, as well as by the superior intelligence of the white managers, who cheated the Negroes mercilessly, because it was necessary . . . I am enclosing two or three speeches on the race question, in which I boldly told the Republicans to their teeth on the floor of the Senate, that we 'shot the Negroes,' 'cheated them' and 'stuffed the ballot boxes' " [81].

After the suffragettes marched up Pennsylvania Avenue in 1913, under the title "Hail Columbia," DuBois wrote:

> "Again the glorious traditions of Anglo-Saxon manhood have been upheld! Again the chivalry of American white men has been magnificently vindicated. Down on your knees, black men, and hear the tale with awestruck faces. Learn from the Superior Race. We do not trust our own faltering pen and publind sight to describe the reception of the suffragists at the capital of the land. We quote from the Southern reporters of the Northern press:
>
> "Five thousand women, marching in the woman-suffrage pageant yesterday, practically fought their way foot by foot up Pennsylvania Avenue, through a surging mass of humanity that completely defied the Washington police, swamped the marchers, and broke their procession into little companies. The women, trudging stoutly along

under great difficulties, were able to complete their march only when troops of cavalry from Fort Myer were rushed into Washington to take charge of Pennsylvania Avenue. No inauguration has ever produced such scenes, which in many instances amounted to little less than riots.

"More than 100 persons, young and old, of both sexes, were crushed and trampled in the uncontrollable crowd in Pennsylvania Avenue yesterday, while two ambulances of the Emergency Hospital came and went constantly for six hours, always impeded and at times actually opposed, so that doctor and driver literally had to fight their way to give succor to the injured.

"Hoodlums, many of them in uniform, leaned forward till their cigarettes almost touched the women's faces while blowing smoke in their eyes, and the police said not a word, not even when every kind of insult was hurled.

"To the white-haired women the men shouted continuously: 'Granny! granny! We came to see chickens, not hens! Go home and sit in the corner! To the younger women they yelled: 'Say, what you going to do to-night? Can't we make a date?' and the police only smiled The rowdies jumped on the running boards of the automobiles and snatched the flags from the elderly women, and they attempted to pull the girls from the floats."

Wasn't it glorious? Does it not make you burn with shame to be a mere black man when such mighty deeds are done by the Leaders of Civilization? Does it not make you 'ashamed of your race?" Does it not make you "want to be white?"

And do you know (we are almost ashamed to say it) the Negro again lost a brilliant opportunity to rise in his "imitative" way. Ida Husted Harper says:

"We made the closest observation along the entire line and not in one instance did we hear a colored man make a remark, although there were thousands of them."

Another white woman writes:

"I wish to speak a word in favor of the colored people during the suffrage parade. Not one of them was boisterous or rude as with great difficulty we passed along the unprotected avenue. The difference between them and those insolent, bold white men was remarkable. They were quiet and respectable and earnest, and seemed sorry for the indignities which were incessantly heaped upon us. There were few policemen to protect us as we made our first parade in Washington, and the dignified silence of the colored people and the sympathy in their faces was a great contrast to those who should have known better. I thank them in the name of all the women for their kindness."

Now look at that! Good Lord! has the Negro *no* sense? Can he grasp no opportunity?

But let him not think to gain by any such tactics. The South sees his game and is busy promoting bills to prevent his marrying any wild-eyed suffragette who may be attracted by his pusillanimous decency. Already the Ohio legislature has been flooded by forged petitions from a "Negro advancement society of New York" to push the intermarriage bill!

No, sir! White men are on the firing line, and if they don't want white women for wives they will at least keep them for prostitutes. Beat them back, keep them down; flatter them, call them "visions of loveliness" and tell them that the place for woman is in the home, even if she hasn't got a home. If she is homely or poor or made the mistake of being born with brains, and begins to protest at the doll's house or the bawdy house, kick her and beat her and insult her until in terror she slinks back to her kennel or walks the midnight streets. Don't give in; don't give her power; don't give her a vote whatever you do. Keep the price of women down; make them weak and cheap.

Shall the time ever dawn in this Land of the Brave when a free white American citizen may not buy as many women as his purse permits? Perish the thought and Hail Columbia, Happy Land [82]!

In the Suffrage parade in Washington, D.C., 9 May 1914, Howard University was represented in the College Women's Section by eight girls, as large a delegation as any University had. "In contrast to the courteous treatment received by these girls was that accorded the colored suffragists in Philadelphia who, as a matter of discrimination, it is said, were compelled to march with the Socialists" [83].

In the August 1915 issue of the *Crisis*, DuBois had intended to embellish the symposium on "Votes for Women" . . . With a particularly strong article on woman suffrage. He was going to marshall arguments, use a bit of sarcasm and end with some appeal to justice and sentiment. However, after he had read the symposiums sent [him] so quickly and courteously by . . . friends from Boston to Tacoma and from St. Paul to Atlanta he saw no necessity of adding a single word to what must be regarded as one of the strongest cumulative attacks on sex and race discrimination in politics ever written [84].

James Weldon Johnson, writing "About Aunties," declared that "Regardless of all arguments, for or against, woman is going to gain universal suffrage. The wonderful progress made by the sex in the last century and a half places this beyond doubt. This progress is nowhere more graphically indicated than by the fact that in the first edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica (1771) the article 'Woman' consisted of eight [sic] words, 'Woman,–the female of man–See Homo.' In the edition of 1910 the article 'Woman' takes up seven pages. Besides there are thirty women among the writers of the Encyclopedia, and the work contains articles on more than five hundred women, distinguished in history, literature and art." Robert H. Terrell, Justice of the Municipal Court, District of Columbia, declared, "I have a contempt I cannot name for the man who would demand rights for himself that he is not willing to grant to every one else." Bishop John Hurst of the African M. E. Church traced the status of woman historically: "Intellectual accomplishments and graces could raise her beyond the status of the slave, but not beyond the estimate put upon a toy, a bauble or a commonplace ornament. . . . The law forbidding her to abstain from the service at the Jewish Synagogue, said she should not be seen. . . . Amidst the civilization of classic antiquity . . . she was but a commodity, a chattel to be bartered off. Under the Roman law, her status was hardly that of a human being. Whether under the Empire or the Republic, she had not even a first name." L. M. Hershaw of the United States Land Office, in discussing "Disfranchisement in the District of Columbia," stated that "As regards the ballot, men and women are equal in the District of Columbia; both are deprived of it. Citizens of the District of Columbia have not voted since 1874, the year in which the ballot was taken from them by act of Congress. . . . If suffrage is ever restored to the citizens of the District it should be made to include the women. The right of the woman to vote rests on the same basis as the right of the man: her humanity. 'Homo sum, et humani a mi nil alienum puto;' [I am a human being, and I consider nothing belonging to the human race foreign to me] is the maxim constituting the major premise of the logic of human rights. To deny woman the right to vote is so far forth a denial of her humanity."

Mrs. Coralie Franklin Cook, Member of the Board of Education, District of Columbia wondered "if anybody in all this great world ever thought to consider *man's* rights as an individual, by his status as a father? Yet you ask me to say something about 'Votes for Mothers,' as if mothers were a separate and peculiar people. . . . Is not the voice which is crying out for 'Votes for Mothers' the Spirit of the Age crying out for the Rights of Children?"

Mrs. Carrie W. Clifford, Honorary President of the Federation of Colored Women's Clubs of Ohio answered: "Yes, it is the great mother-heart reaching out to save her children from war, famine and pestilence; from death, degradation

and destruction, that induces her to demand 'Votes for Women,' knowing well that fundamentally it is really a campaign for 'Votes for Children.' "

Dr. Mary Fitzbutler Waring, Chairman of the Department of Health and Hygiene, NACW, pointed out that "In some countries she was not even considered as the legal parent of her own child."

Miss Nannie H. Burroughs maintained that the Negro woman carried "the moral destiny of two races in her hand. Had she not been the woman of unusual moral stamina that she is, the black race would have been made a great deal whiter, and the white race a great deal blacker during the past fifty years. She has been left a prey for the men of every race, but in spite of this, she has held the enemies of Negro female chastity at bay. The Negro woman is the white woman's as well as the white race's most needed ally in preserving an unmixed race."

Miss M. E. Jackson, President of the Rhode Island Association of Colored Women's Clubs, wished that the "poorly paid toilers in field, work-shop, mill and kitchen, might enjoy the blessed refreshment of their own homes with accompanying assurance that those dependent upon them might be fed, clothed, properly reared and educated." Instead each morning's sun beholds a mighty army of millions "marching forth to do battle for daily bread: mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of the men of America, 'The weaker vessels,' the majority of whom are constrained from necessity."

Other discussants in the *Crisis* consideration of woman suffrage were Charles W. Chesnutt, William Stanley Braithwaite, John R. Lynch, Mrs. Mary R. Talbert, Vice President-at-large, National Association of Colored Women, Francis J. Gimke, Oscar de Priest, Benjamin Brawley, W. H. Crogman, Mrs. Josephine St. Pierre Ruffin, Pioneer in the club movement among Colored Women of the United States, Mrs. A. W. Hunton, Miss Maria L. Baldwin, Principal of the Agassiz Public School, Cambridge, Massachusetts, Mrs. B. K. Bruce, Editor of the official organ of the National Association of Colored Women, Mrs. Mary Church Terrell and others [85].

When the time approached for two hundred thousand Negro voters to vote on woman suffrage, DuBois asked everyone of them to vote *YES*. But he also asked them to "consider every side of the question." In order to help them he had published a symposium two months before in which all participants were in favor. Now he was publishing Kelly Miller's article against woman suffrage, "The Risk of Woman Suffrage." Kelly Miller believed that the bearing and rearing of children was the chief duty and responsibility of the female and this function made it practically impossible for women to take any large part in general, industrial and public affairs; that women were weaker than men and incapable of competing with them; that women were adequately protected under man's suffrage; that no adequate results had come from woman suffrage in the twelve states which permitted it and office-holding by women was "risky." Although "far superior to man in purely personal and private virtue," she was "his inferior in public qualities and character." Miller was willing to admit that there might be "some argument for suffrage for unfortunate females, such as widows and hopeless spinsters."

DuBois argued that if one turned to easily available statistics, one would find that instead of the women of the world being confined chiefly to child bearing

they were engaged and engaged successfully in practically every pursuit in which men are engaged.

> The actual work of the world today depends more largely upon women than upon men... It is inconceivable that any person looking upon the accomplishments of women today in every field of endeavor, realizing their humiliating handicap and the astonishing prejudices which they face and yet seeing despite this that in government, in the professions, in sciences, art and literature and the industries they are leading and dominating forces and growing in power as their emancipation grows,—it is inconceivable that any fair minded person could for a moment talk about a "weaker" sex.... To say that men protect women with their votes is to overlook the flat testimony of the facts. In the first place there are millions of women who have no natural men protectors: the unmarried, the widowed, the deserted and those who have married failures.... There was a day in the world when it was considered that by marriage a woman lost all her individuality as a human soul and simply became a machine for making men. A woman is just as much a thinking, feeling, acting person after marriage as before. She has opinions and she has a right to have them and she has a right to express them.... The meaning of the twentieth century is the freeing of the individual soul; the soul longest in slavery and still in the most disgusting and indefensible slavery is the soul of womanhood.... Mr. Miller is right in saying that the results from woman suffrage have as yet been small but the answer is obvious: the experiment has been small. As for the risks of allowing women to hold office: Are they nearly as great as the risks of allowing working men to hold office loomed once in the eyes of the Intelligent Fearful [86]?

The black voter, argued DuBois, should be interested in woman's suffrage first because it is a great human question.

> Nothing human must be foreign, uninteresting or unimportant to colored citizens of the world. Whatever concerns half mankind concerns us. Secondly, any agitation, discussion or reopening of the problem of voting must inevitably be a discussion of the right of black folk to vote in America and Africa. Essentially the arguments for and against are the same in the case of all groups of human beings.... The same arguments and facts that are slowly but surely opening the ballot box to women in England and America must open it to black men in America and Africa.... Finally, votes for women mean votes for black women.... Except in the rural South, these women have larger economic opportunity than their husbands and brothers and are rapidly becoming better educated.... The enfranchisement of these women will not be a mere doubling of our vote and voice in the nation; it will tend to stronger and more normal political life, the rapid dethronement of the "heeler" and "grafter" and the making of politics a method of broadest philanthropic race betterment, rather than a disreputable means of private gain [87].

He continued:

> Women are workers; workers should vote. Women are taxpayers; taxpayers should vote. Women have brains; voting needs brains. Women organize, direct and largely support the family; families should vote. Women are mothers of men; if men vote, why not women? ... Is there a single argument for the right of men to vote, or for the right of black men to vote, that does not apply to the votes for women, and particularly for black women [88]?

There was some concern as to how women would use the vote. DuBois maintained that no man could predict what the black woman would do with her vote. With regard to white women he envisioned the possibility that southern white women, if given the vote, might at first, help disfranchise and oppress blacks, nevertheless he encouraged blacks who had the franchise to vote for

woman's suffrage and he explained the reasons why. "It is the awful penalty of injustice and oppression to breed in the oppressed the desire to oppress others. The southern white women who form one of the most repressed and enslaved groups of modern civilized women will undoubtedly, at first, help willingly and zealously to disfranchise Negroes, cripple their schools and publicly insult them. Nevertheless, votes for women must and ought to come and the Negroes should help bring this to pass" because any extension of democracy involves a discussion of the fundamentals of democracy. If it is acknowledged to be unjust to disfranchise a sex it cannot be denied as absurd to disfranchise only the whites, then the discrepancy between North and South in the vote case would be even greater than now. At that time the southern white voter had from five to seven times the power of the northern voter [89].

Although black women and men participated in the American Woman Suffrage Association from the beginning, votes for black women created problems. In 1913 when Mrs Ines Milholland-Boissevain was speaking in Riverside Park, near Grant's tomb, a man in the crowd asked her: "How are you going to give the vote to colored women?" She promptly replied: "Why, certainly, we intend to give the vote to colored women in precisely the same way we shall give it to all other women." This incident was fraught with special interest to Southerns who had been "hugging the fond illusion that white women could obtain the ballot through a state law which would exclude the Negro women" [90].

The women of America—and most particularly those of the South—did not all appreciate or relish the coupling of their plight with that of the blacks. One suffragette issued a circular "asking if the New York electorate would be improved if the women voted. She proves that it would be improved to her own satisfaction by showing that it would increase the native-born white vote, decrease the foreign-born white vote, leave the colored vote the same and not increase the vote of criminals." DuBois assumed that the author would circulate the "remarkable leaflet" on the East side and in Harlem [91].

In his article "Get Ready," DuBois was almost jubilant about the vote for women:

> Woman Suffrage is coming. Make no mistake about that. This month possibly, this year *certainly* will see sex discrimination in voting swept away from the United States. Are we getting ready for this mighty change? Are we consulting and laying plans? The white South is There is already some open discussion among newspapers and a feverish discussion in secret societies and behind closed doors after the servants retire. The South proposes to keep colored women from voting in exactly the same way in which it has disfranchised colored men. Can it do it? Are we going to let it do it?
>
> The Southerners will be handicapped by the "Grandfather" decision of the Supreme Court, but they will rely upon our apathy and the policy of "Sh'. Don't agitate—we are your friends!" They will marshall every black Judas and traitor to "advise" us to remain slaves.
>
> Get ready, fellow Negroes, and set your faces like flint. Resolve on two things: (1) to call no man Friend, white or black, who advises you not to exercise the right to vote; (2) if by force and fraud a new disfranchisement is fastened on the South, to publish the facts to the civilized world to choke the courts with case upon case, to appeal, agitate and protest and to let no threat of poverty, riot or murder turn you from a determination to cast your vote according to law.
>
> Get ready! Know the law. Obey the law. If the law says that only intelligent women

> may vote, let the intelligent colored women register and vote. If voting is restricted by property, let those who have property register and vote. But if the South attempts in 1920 and after the Great War to disfranchise women illegally for "race, color or previous condition of servitude," show it that it cannot be done [92].

After the first national election in which women voted, DuBois complimented black women on their splendid record:

> Applying for registration in large numbers, they endured purposeful delays and deliberate insults. They have shown themselves in states like Georgia and Louisiana to be more modern and sensible than their white sisters; and throughout the country they cast a large and influential vote.
>
> In the encouragement which they have received before and since the election there has been but one false note. James B. Dudley, colored president of a state school in Greensboro, N.C., came out in the local paper before election with several columns of advice to colored women not to attempt to vote. The arguments adduced deserve no particular consideration. They were the familiar remarks about "women in the home" and the general unwisdom of Negroes "meddling" in politics. Mr. Dudley received the usual pat on the back from the white editor. The grave and astonishing thing about this is that at this late day a Negro leader, North or South, should dare to advise colored men or women not to vote. This was a general procedure 25 and even 15 years ago, but we have almost forgotten it, and it is to be hoped that James B. Dudley is the last of a pitiable group [93].

Negro women and girls were discriminated against in the YWCAs and most other organizations for women. A color bar was erected against them by the National Federation of Women's Clubs in spite of the desperate protest of Jane Addams and a few others. (New England and especially Massachusetts women deserted her.) "No group of women," wrote DuBois, "in the world have suffered more from irresponsible and vicious detraction." When black women visited the United States Senate, they were not permitted to sit with white women but had to sit in the galleries with white and black men. White women protested and some resigned when black women attended luncheons.

The national club movement among Negro women was launched when an invitation was sent in 1895 by Mrs. Josephine St. P. Ruffin to a number of black women to meet in conference "to repel and refute a vicious statement by an evil minded individual . . . in book form." The national organization, The National Federation of Colored Women, formed at this conference, met in their first convention in July 1896 in Washington, D.C. After the National League of Colored Women met in August 1896, the two organizations united under the name, National Association of Colored Women. At the biennial meetings hundreds of delegates, representing thousands of women organized in Clubs all over the United States, were present. These clubs raised funds for purchasing property for Orphans' Homes, Working Girls' Homes, Christian Association Homes, Social Settlements, Industrial Schools and libraries which were a kind of settlement house with games, classes, meetings, music, etc. Practically all the social work and social reform among blacks were initiated and performed by these clubs. They conducted hospitals, homes for the aged, reformatories, kindergartens, day nurseries and other institutions besides doing work in study, literature and art. They protested against lynching, "Ladies' Entrances to Saloons," saloons near schools, prostitution, the inability of black teachers to teach white students and vice-versa, discrimination in genral and discrimination

in education and employment in particular. They supported many of the reforms of the day and advocated the organization of Negro women employed in domestic service [94].

The Empire State Federation investigated and found that Harriet Tubman, who helped more than three hundred slaves to freedom before the Civil War, now poor and between ninety-five and one hundred, had been taken to the Harriet Tubman Home for the Aged, which she founded in Rochester. Immediately a linen shower "provided this old warrior with an abundance of good things and the Federation sent twenty-five dollars per month to further her comfort for the remainder of her life" [95].

Black women of Princeton, New Jersey erected a tablet to the memory of Oliver Cromwell:

> This is not the Cromwell of English history, but the humbler Cromwell, a Negro, who fought in the War of the Revolution. His habitat was in Mercer and Burlington counties; he fought in the battles of Trenton, Princeton and Monmouth, and in the picture "The Passing of Washington," hanging in the old barracks in Trenton, is the figure of a black man on horseback, supposed to be Oliver Cromwell. His discharge from the army was in Washington's own handwriting, and for several years he received a pension. His death occurred in 1853 but as yet no stone marks his grave. Here, indeed, is a "Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood," not only, but one who imperiled his life and gave his best services to Washington and the nation that did but little for him or his race until ten years after his death [96].

Not only as members of clubs did black women make their contribution, but as individuals.

> Mrs. Amanda Smith who was born in Maryland and freed by her father together with her mother and six other children ... went to England at the invitation of Lady Somerset and spent twelve years preaching in Europe, Asia and Africa. She gave every cent of the savings thus accumulated to the founding of a home for orphan children. She lived just long enough to see this home for which she had sacrificed everything assured permanence by being placed under State control. She died in Florida in 1915 at the age of seventy-eight.

Mrs. Ida Wells Barnett is one of the best known black women of her day in the United States. "As a young woman and editor of a paper in Tennessee she witnessed the lynching of three respectable and entirely innocent colored men. Aroused by this frightful injustice she started a crusade, and not before nor since has the world been so aroused over the disgrace of American mob murders." Mrs. Florence Lewis Bentley was for several years literary editor of the Philadelphia *Press*. Mrs. Lulu B. Shreves was President of the only black auxiliary of the Spanish war veterans in the state of Illinois. Miss Violet M. Anderson, a law reporter in Chicago, numbered nearly all the black lawyers and many of the noted white lawyers among her patrons [97].

Zona Gale, the novelist, was among the few white women who attended the biennial meetings in the early days. As speaker and representative of the General Federation of [white] Women's Clubs, she attended the meeting of the National Association of Colored Women at Wilberforce and the magazine of the General Federation published an excellent article on it. Later the General Federation sent a letter to various "prominent colored women" asking them to subscribe and take subscriptions to the General Federation Magazine DuBois wrote them

a letter asking if they thought it fair to ask a colored person to subscribe to the official organ of an organization which discriminates against them so outrageously" and asked the *Crisis* that similar letters be sent by "every colored woman approached."

> This is not a matter of hatred or complaint. It is a matter of self-respect. The General Federation of Women's Clubs has insulted every black woman in America. They have deliberately and openly put a brand on her. Clubs composed of every race and nation in America are welcome to this federation except those of black women. Against this contemptible action taken by northern white women to placate the petty spite of southern white women colored women cannot and do not wish to take any action. They are quietly and effectively doing their own club work. But they refuse to forget the insult or condone it.
>
> Above all they resent on the part of these narrow-minded white women the assumption that the exclusion of colored women's clubs from the General Federation has "helped" the colored organization. The stealing of my purse may make me careful and saving but I owe little gratitude to the thief, and at all events for the thief to demand gratitude is adding insult to injury [98].

The Woman's National Foundation, "nationwide movement to unify the woman power of the country along civic, welfare and patriotic lines . . ." appointed Mrs. Ailene Parson of Keystone, W. Va., by unaminous action of their board of governors as organization chairman for her city and its environs. They said:

> You have been selected for this official position of the Foundation from a number of nominations made by members of the Board of Governors of the Foundation, by United States Senators and Representatives in Congress from your State, as well as by national prominent club women, and other reliable sources who are cognizant of your standing and ability.

Mrs. Parson went to work, organized her units and sent in her units' checks whereupon December 12, 1921, she received from Mrs. Charles B. Howry, financial secretary, a letter which states:

> We appreciate your interest in so promptly forming a unit to carry on our work in your locality, but are sorry to say that we cannot under our by-laws accept your membership as this organization is made up entirely of Caucasians. We regret very much that through inadvertence this situation was not brought to your attention.

The same thing happened in Washington. DuBois was willing to admit "It would have been ordinary honesty for this organization to have said that they wished to confine their membership to white women, that all their great and high aims were to be held strictly within the barriers of race. But they did not do this,—they did not dare do it. They were too cowardly to let the world know what they really believed, . . . What does this all mean? That we are losing something by being excluded from the Woman's National Foundation? Certainly not! This is but a cheap advertisement for social climbers. But it does mean that today movements that are foolish enough to try to draw the color line have not the courage to say so. They sneak down back alleys in order to keep the Negro 'in his place' " [99].

DuBois readily admitted he had "always had more friends among women than among men."

> This began with the close companionship I had with my mother. Friends used to praise me for my attention to my mother; we always went out together arm in arm and had our few indoor amusements together. This seemed quite normal to me; my mother was lame, why should I not guide her steps? And who knew better about my thoughts and ambitions? Later in my life among my own colored people the women began to have more education, while the men imitated an American culture which I did not share. . . .

Of his mother, DuBois wrote:

> My mother, Mary Sylvina, was born at Great Barrington, January 14, 1831, and died there in 1885 at the age of fifty-four years. She had at the age of thirty a son, Idelbert, born of her and her cousin, John Burghardt. The circumstances of this romance I never knew. No one talked of it in the family. Perhaps there was an actual marriage. If so, it was not recorded in the family Bible. Perhaps the mating was broken up on account of the consanguinity of the cousins by a family tradition which had a New England strictness in its sex morals. So far as I ever knew there was only one illegitimate child throughout the family in my grandfather's and the two succeeding generations. My mother was brown and rather small with smooth skin and lovely eyes, and hair that curled and crinkled down each side her forehead from the part in the middle. She was rather silent but very determined and very patient [100].
>
> By the time I neared the high school, economic problems and questions of the future began to loom. These were partly settled by my own activities. My mother was then a widow with limited resources of income through boarding the barber, my uncle; supplemented infrequently by day's work, and by some kindly but unobtrusive charity. My mother lived proudly to see me graduate (from high school in 1884) but . . . died a few months after my graduation, just as though, tired of the long worry and pull, she was leaving me alone at the post, with a certain characteristic faith that I would not give up. (DuBois went to live with an aunt) . . . I was, then, an orphan, without a cent of property, and with no relative who could for a moment think of undertaking the burden of my further education. But the family could and did help out and the town in its quiet and unemotional way was satisfied with my record and silently began to plan [101].
>
> My own people were poor. I never remember being cold or hungry, but I do remember that shoes and coal and flour caused Mother moments of anxious thought in winter; a new suit was an event. . . . Mother worked some years in service at Great Barrington, and after a disappointed love episode with a cousin, who went to California, she met and married Alfred DuBois and went to live by the golden river where I was born [102].

DuBois describes his great grandmother, wife of Thomas Burghardt, as "a little Bantu woman who never became reconciled to this strange land; she clasped her knees and rocked and crooned" in an African language. There was his "shrewish tongue" Grandmother Sarah—Aunt Sally—"a stern, tall, Dutch-African woman, beak-nosed but beautiful-eyed and golden skinned."

"We were noisy but never very bad, and, indeed, my mother's quiet influence came in here. . . . She did not try to make me perfect. She simply warned me of a few things, especially saloons" [103].

Graduating from high school, DuBois considered his first "open triumph" when he spoke on "'Wendell Phillips' and all my town applauded with my mother. It was her great day, and after it she soon turned her face to the wall and slept. I was long in realizing my loss. That came many years after." Especially when he began to realize how much of what he considered "will and ability" was sheer luck. "*Suppose* my good mother had preferred a steady income from my child labor, rather than bank on the precarious dividend of my higher training" [104]?

Then in 1896 he married "a slip of a girl, beautifully dark-eyed and thorough and good as a German housewife.... Both, I and my wife were homeless" [105].

In 1950, DuBois "laid to rest, in

> The sunshine and under the great and beautiful elms, the wife to whom I have been married for 55 years. With all of its sadness it was a beautiful experience, because after a decade of work and years of sickness, the life of this woman was brought to a beautiful end, and the dark fear that somehow she might outlive me and that I would be unable to care for her until the end—this was gone.
>
> We had been married over half a century. I met Nina Gomer at Wilberforce, where I first began my life work as a teacher. She was a student there. In appearance, of remarkable beauty with her great mass of coiled black hair and extraordinarily beautiful eyes. People used to stop and stare at her on the street. But she had no consciousness of her beauty and paid little personal attention to it. Indeed her looks were not her chief characteristic and I never thought so even when at the age of 27, I married her. Her great gift was her singularly honest character; her passion for cleanliness and order and her loyalty. That was her contribution to our joint life. Sometimes I felt burdened under it; our home seemed a bit too clean and too carefully kept. I wanted many times to have her forget her housework and throw away her careful plans for daily life and romp and laugh. She seldom did this, because she could not; it was not in her nature. She was always serious and yet a good companion. She held the balance true and her concept of the reality of life kept me from surging and wandering and perhaps from overturning our chariot of life.
>
> I was not, on the whole, what one would describe as a good husband. The family and its interests were never the main center of my life. I was always striving to guide the world and certainly the Negro group, so that always I was ranging away in body or in soul and leaving the home to my wife. She must often have been lonesome and wanted more regular and personal companionship than I gave. And yet on the other hand, she was as avid for the things I thought I was doing and as proud of any accomplishment as I was. One never knows under such circumstances, just what might have been changed for the better. Ours was a pleasant and fruitful partnership, not completely ideal for it had ups and downs, but it was peaceful and good. In one respect it was near the ideal, and of this I was proud because according to my bringing up I was a "good provider." My wife was never in financial trouble. We always had a good home, even beautiful; we had food and clothes. We traveled, not only over large parts of the United States, but in England, France and Italy. We saw something of the Good Life; we were never "in want." In fact in all these 55 years, I do not think it once occurred to either of us as probable or possible that we should ever be separated or the family tie broken. Both of us had been brought up under the old-fashioned concept of marriage as permanent, "until death do us part."
>
> We had two children. One, a little boy who came suddenly, unexpectedly, miraculously. Physically he was a perfect child and in the few months of his life, vivid in personality. But down in Atlanta, he caught one of those spring intestinal infections, which might easily have been avoided and even stopped had we been persons of greater experience. As it was, at the age of only a year and a half, suddenly he died. And in a sense my wife died too. Never after that was she quite the same in her attitude toward life and the world. Down below was all this great ocean of dark bitterness. It seemed all so unfair. I too felt the blow. Something was gone from my life which would not come back. But after all Life was left and the World and I could plunge back into it as she could not. Even when our little girl came two years later, she could not altogether replace the One. So it seemed fitting that at the end of her life, she should go back to the hills of Berkshire, where the boy had been born, and be buried beside him, in soil where my fathers for more than two centuries lived and died. I feel that here she will lie in peace. And I am infinitely glad that I lived long enough to keep her from poverty and worry and excess of pain and to see her die in honor and love [106].

DuBois was aware of the problems of marriage and the family for blacks in general but more keenly aware when they involved his own daughter. "So the Girl Marries" is most revealing:

I was a little startled when I became father of a girl. I scented far-off difficulties. But she became soon a round little bunch of Joy: plumb and jolly, full of smiles and fun–a flash of twinkling legs and bubbling mischief. Always there on the broad campus of Atlanta University she was in scrapes and escapades–how many I never dreamed until years after: running away from her sleepy nurse; riding old Billy, the sage and dignified draft horse; climbing walls; bullying the Matron; cajoling the cooks and becoming the thoroughly spoiled and immeasurably loved Baby of the Campus. How far the spoiling had gone I became suddenly aware one summer, when we stopped a while to breathe the salt sea air at Atlantic City. This tot of four years marched beside me down the Boardwalk amid the unmoved and almost unnoticing crowd. She was puzzled. Never before in her memory had the world treated her quite so indifferently.

"Papa," she exclaimed at last, impatiently, "I guess they don't know I'm here!"

As the Girl grew so grew her problems: School; Multiplication Tables; Playmates; Latin; Clothes–Boys! No sooner had we faced one than the other loomed, the last lingered–the next threatened. She went to Kindergarten with her playmates of the Campus–kids and half-grown-ups. The half-grown-ups, Normal students, did me the special courtesy of letting the Girl dawdle and play and cut up. So when she came at the age of ten to the Ethical Culture School in New York there loomed the unlearned Multiplication Table; and a time we had! For despite all proposals of "letting the Child develop as it Will!", she must learn to read and count; and the school taught her–but at a price!

Then came the days of gawky growth; the impossible children of the street; someone to play with; wild tears at going to bed; excursions, games–and far, far in the offing, the shadow of the Fear of the Color Line

I had a Grand Idea. Before the time loomed–before the Hurt pierced and lingered and festered, off to England she should go for high school and come back armed with manners and knowledge, cap-a-pie, to fight American race hate and insult. Off the Girl went to Bedale's, just as war thundered in the world. As a professor of Economics and History, I knew the war would be short–a few months. So away went Mother and Girl. Two mighty years rolled turbulently by and back came both through the Submarine Zone. The Girl had grown. She was a reticent stranger with whom soul-revealing converse was difficult. I found myself groping for continual introductions.

Then came Latin. The English teacher talked Latin and his class at Bedale's romped with Caesar through a living Gallia. The American teacher in the Brooklyn Girl's High did not even talk English and regarded Latin as a crossword puzzle with three inches of daily solution. "Decline Stella!"; "Conjugate Amo"; "What is the subject of 'Gallia est omnis divisa . . .' ". "Nonsense," said the Girl (which was quite true) "I've dropped Latin!"

"But the colleges haven't," I moaned. "Why college?" countered the Girl.

Why indeed? I tried Cicero "pro Archia Poeta." The Girl was cold. Then I pleaded for my own spiritual integrity: "I have told 12 millions to go to college–what will they say if you don't go?" The Girl admitted that that was reasonable but she said she was considering marriage and really thought she knew about all that schools could teach effectively. I, too, was reasonable and most considerate, despite the fact that I was internally aghast. This baby–married–My God!–but, of course, I said aloud: Honorable state and all that; and "Go ahead, if you like–but how about a year in college as a sort of well, introduction to life in general and for furnishing topics of conversation in the long years to come? How about it?" "Fair enough," said the Girl and she went to college.

Boys! Queer animals. Hereditary enemies of Fathers with daughters and Mothers! Mother had chaperoned the Girl relentlessly through High School. Most Mothers didn't bother. It was a bore and one felt like the uninvited guest or the veritable Death's Head The Girl didn't mind much, only–"Well, really Mother you don't need to go or even to

sit up." But Mother stuck to her job. I've always had the feeling that the real trick was turned in those years, by a very soft-voiced and persistent Mother who was always hanging about unobtrusively. The boys liked her, the girls were good-naturedly condescending; the Girl laughed. It was so funny. Father, of course, was busy with larger matters and weightier problems, including himself.

Clothes. In the midst of high school came sudden clothes. The problem of raiment. The astonishing transformation of the hoyden and hiker and basketball expert into an amazing butterfly. We parents had expressed lofty disdain for the new colored beauty parlors—straightening and bleaching, the very idea! But they didn't straighten, they cleaned and curled; they didn't whiten, they delicately darkened. They did for colored girls' style of beauty what two sophisticated centuries had been doing for blonde frights. When the finished product stood forth all silked and embroidered, briefly skirted and long-limbed with impudent lip-stick and jaunty toque—well, Thrift hung its diminished head and Philosophy stammered. What shall we do about our daughter's extravagant dress? The beauty of colored girls has increased 100% in a decade because they give to it time and trouble. Can we stop it? Should we? Where shall we draw the line, with good silk stockings at $1.95 per pair?

"Girl! You take so long to dress! I can dress in fifteen minutes."

"Yes—Mamma and you look it!" came the frankly unfilial answer.

College. College was absence and premonition. Empty absence and occasional letters and abrupt pauses. One wondered uneasily what they were doing with the Girl; *who* rather than what was educating her. Four years of vague uneasiness with flashes of hectic and puzzling vacations. Once with startling abruptness there arose the Shadow of Death—acute appendicitis; the hospital—the cold, sharp knife; the horror of waiting and the namelessly sweet thrill of recovery. Of course, all the spoiling began again and it literally rained silk and gold.

Absence, too, resulted in the unexpected increase in Parent-valuation. Mother was enshrined and worshipped by the absent Girl; no longer was she merely convenient and at times in the way. She was desperately adored. Even Father took on unaccustomed importance and dignity and found new place in the scheme of things. We both felt quite set up.

Then graduation and a Woman appeared in the family. A sudden woman—sedate, self-contained, casual, grown; with a personality—with wants, expenses, plans. "There will be a caller tonight."—"Tomorrow night I'm going out."

It was a bit disconcerting, this transforming of a rubber ball of childish joy into a lady whose address was at your own house. I acquired the habit of discussing the world with this stranger—as impersonally and coolly as possible: teaching—travel—reading—art—marriage. I achieved quite a detached air, letting the domineering daddy burst through only at intervals, when it seemed impossible not to remark—"It's midnight, my dear," and "When is the gentleman going? You need sleep!"

My part in Mate-selection was admittedly small but I flatter myself not altogether negligible. We talked the young men over—their fathers and grandfathers; their education; their ability to earn particular sorts of living; their dispositions. All this incidentally, mind you—not didactically or systematically. Once or twice I went on long letter hunts for facts; usually facts were all too clear and only deductions necessary. What was the result? I really don't know. Sometimes I half suspect that the Girl arranged it all and that I was the large and solemn fly on the wheel. At other times I flatter myself that I was astute, secret, wise and powerful. Truth doubtless lurks between. So the Girl marries.

I remember the Boy came to me somewhat breathlessly one Christmas eve with a ring in his pocket. I told him as I had told others. "Ask her—she'll settle the matter; not I." But he was a nice boy. A rather unusual boy with the promise of fine manhood. I wished him luck. But I did not dare plead his cause. I had learned—well, I had learned.

Thus the world grew and blossomed and changed and so the Girl marries. It is the end of an era—a sudden break and beginning. I rub my eyes and readjust my soul. I plan frantically. It will be a simple, quiet ceremony . . .

"In a church, father!"

"Oh! in a church? Of course, in a church. Well, a church wedding would be a little larger, but . . ."

"With Countée's father and the Reverend Frazier Miller assisting."

"To be sure—well, that is possible and, indeed, probable."

"And there will be sixteen bridesmaids."

One has to be firm somewhere—"But my dear! who ever *heard* of sixteen bridesmaids!"

"But Papa, there are eleven Moles, and five indispensables and Margaret . . ."

Why argue? What has to be, must be; and this evidently had to be. I struggled faintly but succumbed. Now with sixteen bridesmaids and ten ushers must go at least as many invited guests.

You who in travail of soul have struggled with the devastating puzzle of selecting a small bridge party out of your total of twenty-five intimate friends, lend me your sympathy! For we faced the world-shattering problem of selecting for two only children, the friends of a pastor with twenty-five years service in one church; and the friends of a man who knows good people in forty-five states and three continents. I may recover from it but I shall never look quite the same. I shall always have a furtive feeling in my soul. I know that at the next corner I shall meet my Best Friend and remember that I forgot to invite him. Never in all eternity can I explain. How can I say: "Bill, I just forgot you!" Or "My *dear* Mrs. Blubenski, I didn't remember where on earth you were or indeed if you were at all or ever!" No, one can't say such things. I shall only stare at them pleadingly, in doubt and pain, and slink wordlessly away.

Thirteen hundred were bidden to the marriage and no human being has one thousand three hundred friends! Five hundred came down to greet the bride at a jolly reception which I had originally planned for twenty-five. Of course, I was glad they were there. I expanded and wished for a thousand. Three thousand saw the marriage and a thousand waited on the streets. It was a great pageant; a heart-swelling throng; birds sang and Melville Charlton let the organ roll and swell beneath his quivering hands. A sweet young voice sang of Love; and then came the holy:

"Freudig gefuert, Ziehet dahin!"

The symbolism of that procession was tremendous. It was not the mere marriage of a maiden. It was not simply the wedding of a fine young poet. It was the symbolic march of young and black America. America, because there was Harvard, Columbia, Smith, Brown, Howard, Chicago, Syracuse, Penn and Cornell. There were three Masters of Arts and fourteen Bachelors. There were poets and teachers, actors, artists and students. But it was not simply conventional America—it had a dark and shimmering beauty all its own; a calm and high restraint and sense of new power; it was a new race; a new thought; a new thing rejoicing in a ceremony as old as the world. (And after it all and before it, such a jolly, happy crowd some of the girls even smoked cigarettes!)

Why should there have been so much of pomp and ceremony—flowers and carriages and silk hats; wedding cake and wedding music? After all marriage in its essence is and should be very simple: a clasp of friendly hands; a walking away together of Two who say: "Let us try to be One and face and fight a lonely world together!" What more? Is that not enough? Quite; and were I merely white I should have sought to make it end with this.

But it seems to me that I owe something extra to an Idea, a Tradition. We who are black and panting up hurried hills of hate and hindrance—we have got to establish new footholds on the slipping bypaths through which we come. They must at once be footholds of the free and the eternal, the new and the enthralled. With all of our just flouting of white convention and black religion, some things remain eternally so—Birth, Death, Pain, Mating, Children, Age. Ever and anon we must point to these truths and if the pointing be beautiful with music and ceremony or bare with silence and darkness—what matter? The width or narrowness of the gesture is a matter of choice. That one will have it stripped to the essence. It is still good and true. This soul wants color with bursting cords and scores of smiling eyes in happy raiment. It must be as this soul wills. The Girl will this. So the Girl marries [107].

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This ... has long been the attitude of the ordinary white man, but we had scarcely thought to see this attitude illustrated in an article by Norman Angell.

Mr. Angell by way of climax reminds us of the use of white French prostitutes for colored soldiers in France; and his use of this illustration is apparently not to make us hate prostitution–for when was there an army that did not thrive on prostitution and rape–but rather to make his readers feel that social equality in France on any plane is a menace to the modern Anglo-Saxon world!

Of course Mr. Angell does not say this in so many words; however, every implication of his article points this way. The Negroes of Anglo-Saxon lands are uniting to fight intolerable aggressions; they are thinking black in the face of a white world. French Negroes, on the other hand, (at least the civilized and the cultured), are thinking *French* because they have been treated as men by Frenchmen. This to Mr. Angell's mind constitutes a grave danger and that danger is that the French policy of treating Negroes decently may in the end compel England and America to do the same and open parlors and brothels to black gentlemen and soldiers. This is what he calls the "Negro conquest of France," and this is what he fears with a perfect Fear!

2 *Darkwater*, p. 114. With a harshness and indecency seldom paralleled in the civilized world white masters on the mainland sold their mulatto children, half-brothers and half-sisters, and their own wives in all but name, into life-slavery by the hundreds and thousands. They originated a special branch of slave-trading for this trade and the white aristocrats of Virginia and the Carolinas made more money by this business during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries than in any other way.

3. *Crisis*, Vol. 1, No. 6, April 1911, p. 11; "The Lady of the Slave States, *Crisis*, Vol. 1, No. 3, January 1911, p. 28; H. W. Elson, *A History of the United States*, p. 55.

4. *Crisis*, Vol. 1, No. 5, March 1911, p. 22

"Tis the Octoroon ball! And the halls are alight!
The music is playing an old-time "Galop"
The women are "fair," and the cavaliers white,
(Play on! fiddler-man, keep your eyes on your bow!)
Cocodrie! Cocodrie! what strange shadows you throw
Along the dark streets, by your hand-lantern's ray!
Light "les belles milatraisses" to the portal, that they
May pass; but is doubly barred, black slave! to you:
And the lilt of the old Creole song goes this way:
"Trouloulou! Trouloulou! c'est pas zaffaire a tou!"

The music grows madder! the ball's at its height!
For beauty and kisses, it's Hey! and it's Ho!
These women are fair–for an hour a night–
(Play on! fiddler-man, keep your eyes on your bow!)
Andfor all dull to-morrows, to-night who'd forego!
The music grows madder! "Play! Trouloulou! play!"
Your women are frail, and your masters are gay!
Cocodrie in the dark marks them flee and pursue!
And the lilt of the old Creole song goes this way:
"Trouloulou! Trouloulou! c'est ps zaffaire a tou!"

They are ready and willing to love or to fight!
Hot blood is aflame! and the red wine aflow!
These women are theirs! who dare question their right!
(Play on! fiddler-man, keep your eyes on your bow!)
Who is it that prowls in the dark to and fro,
To and fro–there! outside!–The door bursts! and at bay!
Cocodrie! in the entrance! not easy to slay!
(Hands off! you mad fiddler! or die with him, too!)

And the lilt of the old Creole song goes this way:
"Troulouloul Troulouloul c'est pas zaffaire a you!"

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106. *Negro Digest*, Vol. 8, pp. 37 ff.
107. *Crisis*, Vol. 35, No. 6, June 1928, pp. 192, 193, 207, 208, 209.